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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price Ten Cents.



A SHOCKING OUTRAGE.

THE WAY A QUICK-WITTED TELEGRAPH OPERATOR GOT RID OF AN ANNOYING MASH.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

CLEVELAND is a fifteen puzzle to the New York Sun.

THAT Chicago pension agent seems to be not only sweet but sticky.

THE friendship of England and Russia is a sort of hand-on-the-hip-pocket affair.

THE English bull-dogs and the Russian bears seem to have got to close quarters.

THE first roes of summer are gathered by the shad fishermen in Delaware river.

It is surmised that when "Sunset" gets there he will paint the town a Turkey red.

THE French have made the discovery that there are a few Chinamen in China.

RUSSIA's reply to England was conciliatory. Bear and For Bear is Russia's latest motto.

THE United States Navy has found something to do at last. It is running the Panama railway.

It is said that Dr. Mary Walker is anxious to receive the appointment as minister to the Isle of Man.

THE Bermuda onion crop will be a failure, says an exchange. This will give the five-cent cigars a chance.

A GEORGIA poet has just written an excellent epic on the devil. His impression of carpet-bag times must be very vivid.

THE Albany Times remarks that John Roach is not the cock-roach of the navy department that he used to be.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is becoming tired of office-seekers. He is not more tired of them than they are of him, however.

EVEN the marines wouldn't believe the stories told by ex-Cashier Fish, of New York. Yet he was cashier of the Marine Bank.

GEN. BARILLOS has been installed as successor to the dead Barrios and peace spreads her white wings over Guatemala.

A TERRIBLE humiliation awaits either England or Russia before the question of war or peace has been definitely disposed of.

MISS ADA SWEET, the Chicago Pension Agent who declined to resign except for cause, is making a great many politicians feel sour.

"CHOLLY Burst His Pants Asunder Skating on the Rinklet Floor," is the name of a new song just out. It will be "set" to music.

THE Prohibitionists have tackled Kentucky in earnest. We shall next hear of Mr. Moody opening a revival in the realms of Satan.

THERE seems to be a mania raging for elopements. A score or more are reported every day. This is the only business that is thriving.

PANAMA has had four Presidents since Jan. 1. Wouldn't they live lively lives if they made as much of a Presidential election as we do?

THE roller rink has reached the Sandwich Islands. Civilization has been pretty cruel to the poor Kanakas, but this is the worst blow yet.

AMERICAN marines are on shore at Panama, prepared to make holes in any insurgents who do not show proper respect for the United States flag.

ALFONZO, King of Spain, has not received sufficient attention of late, and has worked a little assassination racket for advertising purposes.

GLADSTONE has risen to the emergency, and has made himself solid with the masses in voicing the war sentiment of the people in the House.

RUSSIA writes sweet little diplomatic notes to England, but at the same time finds leisure to place her army and navy on a first-class footing.

THE wife of the coroner of Nyack, N. Y., resented an editor's abuse of her husband with the cowhide. She proved to be the best man in the party.

BULL RUN, RUSSELL and a cloud of reporters accompany the Prince of Wales to Ireland for the purpose of reporting every time his royal nibs sneezes.

WITH all the modern electric conveniences and signals that can be devised, smash-ups on the New York city elevated roads are surprisingly common.

It is suggested that if Cleveland keeps on in the way he is going, the new party be called the "Surprise party." "Pound party" will do for a name for the present.

THE doctors are simply experimenting to ascertain how many days they can keep Gen. Grant alive. They cannot cure him. His malady will prove fatal.

IF Riel and Digna and Couch, and all the other fellows would pool their issues they might be able to raise a little war. So far they have raised nothing but Hayies.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that ex-President Arthur has been out of the chair over five weeks he cannot refrain from winning every time any one calls him "Chet."

THREE Chinamen were burned to death in San Francisco the other night. The residents doubtless look upon it as one of those small favors which are gratefully received.

AMONG the post birthday presents addressed to Prince Bismarck is an infernal machine containing all the modern improvements. It is the only gift that "Bis." refused to receive.

JEFF DAVIS has sent Gen. Grant word that he was praying for him, along with the rest of the South. It is to be hoped that Jefferson doesn't forget to pray for himself occasionally.

NOT only American canned beef, American wheat and American horses and mules, but also American ships are in demand in anticipation of the war between England and Russia.

DUKE ALEXIS, who visited America some years ago, is ruler of the Czar's "navy," and under his supervision the Russian naval establishment has been immensely improved.

THE son of James G. Blaine is soon to marry the daughter of Joseph Medill, of the Chicago Tribune. No wonder that Republican sheet took the defeat of the Plumed Knight so hard.

MR. RIEL has unlimited facilities for retreating, and when he doesn't care to fight, he can run with entire safety to his troops and his own neck. He is going to be a hard man to whip.

JUDGE PORTER, who will be remembered for his vigorous and merciless prosecution of Guiteau, was stricken with paralysis the other day. Judge Porter was one of the ablest jurists in the country.

THE health authorities at Salem, Mass.; Portsmouth, N. H., and other ports in the Eastern States are kept in constant agony by the dreaded arrival of cholera barks with rags from Europe and Asia.

SMALL cakes of maple sugar have made their appearance in the market, but there is an odor about them that suggests the suspicion that they were used for quoits in some of the back settlements during the winter.

THERE is to be established in Thomas county, Kansas, a paper under the felicitous title of the "Thomas Cat." If he is any relation to the Sun office cat the publication will be a success. Politically, it will always be "on the fence."

ONE way of keeping Chinese children out of public schools in San Francisco is to require the production of a vaccination certificate. A true Chinaman would about as lief submit to the amputation of his cue as to a vaccinating operation.

AN old soldier in Massachusetts, who has been awarded arrears of pension to the amount of \$10,000, is reported to have gone crazy. The poor veteran is not to blame. Such a stroke of fortune as that is enough to paralyze any fellow who was in the ranks.

THE terrible calamity attending the falling of a newly-erected five-story building in New York city ought to awaken the metropolitan authorities to their duty. More shoddy buildings are rushed up in New York than in any other city in the country.

THESE are the days when the smart quack medicine advertiser gets the reader intensely interested in a startling story about the errors of Gen. Grant's physicians. It is only when the last line is reached that the reader perceives he has perused a quack advertisement.

JOHN ROACH's ear-trumpet never conducted so harsh sounds as it does now; but it isn't the fault of the trumpet. Mr. Roach will be pained to learn that a commission is to be appointed by Secretary Whitney to give the Dolphin another trial. He never thought he would have such trials.

TRAVELING mesmerists are said to be accompanied by "subjects" who have been trained to resist the ordinary tests of burning and pricking, and can thus simulate the hypnotic sleep. They are known to the professional mesmerist as "horses."

THE Senate committee is now considering a proposition made by John Chamberlain to make the Senate restaurant a swell place. He will probably get it, particularly as most of the Senators want a better grade of wine and whiskey served than is now kept, in spite of the fact that the rules expressly prohibit it.

DRESSES cut very décolleté are the rule at the White House, besides three kinds of wine for dinner. This was not so during the Hayes administration, but Grover doubtless coincides with the wise man who said: "All the good things of this world were not intended for fools."

THE Washington monument is in great luck. It has only been completed about six weeks and has already been struck three times by lightning. A good many people have been in Washington longer than that and haven't been struck once. However, the monument didn't covet the honor.

OF course it is idle curiosity, yet the public would like to know whether A. T. Stewart's body really lies in the crypt beneath the new cathedral at Garden City. Those who know refuse to tell. Just as a guess—would Mrs. Stewart have erected so costly a structure over an entirely empty tomb?

THE Philadelphia papers began an attack upon the Mayor of the Quaker City charging him with being a friend and protector of the gamblers. Now, in trying to disprove the accusation by raiding the gambling places the Mayor is criticised by the same authorities for overdoing the matter.

OUR \$5,000 offer ought to set all the oarsmen of the Universe by the ears. One thousand pounds in English money, 25,000 francs in French, is a good deal of money. Who is the lucky sculler who is to prove that Richard K. Fox's challenge to the universe of oarsmen was well directed? It's a chip on our shoulder. Knock it off, somebody.

HERE'S what the President of the New York Press Club, and the best known newspaper man in America, thinks of our portraits:

PRESS CLUB, NEW YORK, March 25, 1885.
MY DEAR MR. FOX—I am much pleased with the picture. I never saw better work on a wood-cut, and the presswork is perfection. I thank you for your offer of an electrotype, and shall be glad to have one. The cut of Joe Howard is marvelously correct. How do you do it?
Yours truly,
AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

THE Philadelphia Unitarians laid the cornerstone of their new church on Chestnut street the other day, and in the stone they placed a written record, which closed with this ejaculation: "William B. Smith is Mayor of Philadelphia. May God preserve our church. Amen." This is a pious recognition of the fact that under the existing police administration the only reliance for the preservation of property is on Divine Providence.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



Carter Harrison, lately re-elected Mayor of Chicago, heads our personal column this week. He is a good sporting man at heart, if ever there was one, and none of the Puritans and cranks of the Garden City have the slightest pull with him. Long may he wave!

Foxhall's service fee in England is \$200 per mare.

Mr. Lorillard restricts Sensation to his own mares.

Tim Murnam will play in the Jersey City this year.

Paul Hines plays another season in Providence, after all his talk.

The St. Louis papers deny that Cal McVey has been engaged by Lucas.

Detroit has five catchers, Gastfield, Ringo, Moore, Bennett and Jerry Dorgan.

Stote Clark, Jr., will handle George Scattergood's s. m., Alice Adison, 2:23 1/2 by Almont.

Fred. Archer has again received permission from the Jockey Club to own horses trained by himself.

W. H. Shadley, who was ruled off by the Louisville Jockey Club in the fall of 1883, has been reinstated.

W. P. Hunt has sold to Samuel Ecker of St. Louis the b. s. Frogtown, foaled 1883, by Imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Ada-Chestnut, by Lexington.

John Spellman offered Maj. Hubbard, superintendent of the Edenheim stock farm, \$1,000 for the b. c. St. Paul, by Alarm, dam Lady Salyers.

Harry Miner is after a piece of property in Harlem, where he proposes to erect a combination theatre. He has also made an offer for Ford's theatre, in Baltimore.

It is reported that about the middle of April Charles Marvin will move east from California with Hinda Rose, Sallie Benton and other crack youngsters of Gov. Stanford's Palo Alto stud.

George Hosmer has started in training on the Charles river, near Boston. He is looking and doing well and says he is anxious for a match with either Beach or Rose for \$2,500 a side.

Robert Vint, the winner of one of the big 6-day go-as-you-please races, was arrested on April 3, for selling liquor at his sporting house, 204 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., without a license.

If there is any truth in the thirteen theory the Dwyer Brothers should lose a pile this year. Their twenty-six horses are divided into two thirteens Frank McCabe and W. Stoops each having charge of a baker's dozen.

The celebrated trotting stallion, Francis Alexander, has been sold by Z. E. Simmons to A. J. Feakes, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for \$10,000. He is eleven years old, has a record of 2:19, and will be campaigned this season.

All the hotel owners at the seaside now find in every letter of inquiry from prospective summer guests the questions, "Is there a rink at the resort? How far is it from your hotel?" A rollerless resort gathers no boarders.

Wise and Boyle, Canadian trainers, will come to the States with the following horses from the Richmond stable, which have been entered for the American circuit: Scalper, Direction, Northland, Braewood, Disturbance, Springfield, Kenesaw, Inspirer and Miss Archibald.

R. C. Pate, St. Louis, Mo., recently purchased a farm of sixty acres, about seven miles from St. Louis on the Hall's Ferry Road. He proposes to purchase additional land and start a breeding establishment. Conkling, King Fyrie and Clay Pate will be placed in the stud when their racing careers are over.

The well-known trainer and driver, John E. Turner, of Philadelphia, will have the following horses in his string for 1885: Trinket, 2:14; Edwin Thorne, 2:16 1/2; Santa Claus, 2:17 1/2; Lady Alert, 2:24 1/2; Lily Dale, 2:25 1/2; Dick Organ, 2:25 1/2; Overman, 2:19 1/2; Young Smuggler, 2:25 1/2; Nettle Thorne, and several others without records.

Bicyoler Stevens, who passed through Buffalo last July on his way from San Francisco to Boston and who has spent the winter in Boston, has left for Liverpool. He will course through England, France, Italy and the Eastern countries, thence through the Holy Land, India and China. He expects to consume eighteen months in the journey, twelve months of which will be spent in actual road work. He will be the only man who will have gone around the world on wheel.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Various Sorts and Conditions of Men and Women Who Make Up the Executive Staff of a Theatre.

As soon as a new theatre is established in a large city, the first thing done in its behalf by the morning papers of the place is the publication of the list of



Sole manager.

people who make up what is facetiously known as "the executive staff" of the establishment. The list usually runs something like this:
Sole Manager—Mr. J. Smith.
Treasurer—Mr. T. Browne.
Chief Usher—Mr. P. Greene.
Doorkeeper—Mr. F. Robinson.
Stage Doorkeeper—Mr. Patrick Brogan.
Mistress of Wardrobe—Miss Emily Polonaise.
Every theatre with any pretensions to style has a



The stage doorkeeper.

The gentlemanly and accomplished treasurer—sole manager, a gentlemanly and accomplished treasurer, an obliging and competent chief usher, an amiable and experienced doorkeeper, a trusty and reliable keeper of the stage door, and a burly and well-known chief dresser. Without them no theatre can possibly get along.



The doorkeeper.

sole leather. He is round of stomach, mottled of jowl, wears a silk hat, a greasy smile and a fur-trimmed coat, and swears broadly every other word he uses.

He loves, like the enterprising burglar, when he isn't a-burgling, to be a-basking in the sun, and on matinee days comes out particularly strong at his own front entrance. He has a great faith in his own efficacy as a



The experienced usher.

"masher," but is usually "played for all he is worth" by the bashful maiden who attracts his roving fancy. The gentlemanly and accomplished treasurer is invariably a sweet young thing with a long mustache, a lip and a bang. He smiles with all the glistening saccharinity of a whole barrel full of taffy, has a rare knack of forgetting small change and "palming" a "queer" \$5 bill off on an unsuspecting countryman, knows as much about book-keeping as a Texas mule



The mistress of the wardrobe.

does of astronomy, and fondly thinks that the entire corps of "extra ladies" is wildly in love with him. Once in awhile he is a big, wholesome, robust fellow, like Leigh Lynch at the Union Square. Or he is a nimble, nervous, honest, likable, quick-witted chap, like Jake Shattuck at the Bijou. Occasionally he runs, to look, generosity, unselfishness and sagacity, like Harry Sanderson at Tony Pastor's. But he is too apt, as a general thing, to resemble the financial freak who inhabits the box-office of the Fourteenth Street theatre, waiting, like a hermit,



The mistress of the wardrobe.

crab in a lobster-shell, for Harrigan & Hart to put a real man in his place when the old lease runs out. Your doorkeeper is usually "tough." The kind old man who decorates Wallack's entrance, like the "Zeke" Chamberlain and jolly old Capt. Porter, are exceptions to the rule. They prove, simply, that it is quite possible for a fellow to handle pasteboard and remain human. But take the doorkeepers of the United States in bulk, and it is an open question whether the bite of a mad dog wouldn't be a greater civility than their "fair good e'en."

Everybody expects the man who keeps the stage door to be half mastiff and half alligator. And, to be frank, he usually is. The war of 1822 would have rejected him as a superannuated old wreck, and his hat would have been scornfully repudiated by the St. Patrick's Day managing committee of fifty years ago. He fondles a big club, nurses a dark lantern, smokes

the blackest of *dhudeens* and says "Naw!" with a ferocity which strikes terror to the heart of the stoutest member of the stage *dorée*.

But your chief usher is the prize blossom of the bouquet. His swallow-tail coat is a perpetual delight. His teeth may be bad, but his smile is winning. Hypercritical observers may deride his pimples, but no man can find fault with his necktie, and the sweetness of his "This way, please" is only to be compared to the cubic contents of a barrel of glucose. We picture him, regard and admire.

The "dresser in chief" may be dismissed with a brief commendation. She wears the cast-off clothes of her principals, and her teeth, if not her convictions, are false as dices' oaths, but she is rich in reminiscence. Her stories, like her garments, wear indestructibly, and her morals, thanks to her age and toughness, are not to be easily assailed.

The "executive staff" of a theatre, take it by and large, is a wondrous concern.

STAGE WHISPERS.

John McCullough talks of visiting Europe in the spring.

Edwin Booth is playing an immense engagement in Philadelphia.

Boucicault is at work on three plays, in all of which he builds hopes on his children.

Lawrence Barrett's "Blot in the Scutcheon" is not generally well received in the South.

The first sixty performances of "Theodora" at the Porte Saint Martin theatre, Paris, produced the sum of \$125,400.

Dora Wiley, the prima-donna, late of Carleton's Opera Company, has organized a company for spring and summer to play at popular prices.

Henry Irving carries sixty-five persons all told. His expenses are very heavy. One bill for cartage of scenery to the steamer recently amounted to over \$400.

It is reported that Sarah Bernhardt is breaking down. She now has regular fainting fits during every performance. Her admirers and creditors are equally anxious.

John E. Owens is about to retire from management. He will dispose of his Charleston (S. C.) Academy of Music. The veteran actor sticks closely to his farm at Towson, Md.

Miss Marion Booth, daughter of the late Junius Brutus Booth, and niece of Edwin Booth, has been specially engaged in the cast of "Beauty," soon to be played in Wallack's theatre.

As if her husband were not enough for one generation, Mrs. Mark Twain has taken to literature. She is reported to be dramatizing Mark's "Prince and Pauper," in collaboration with Mrs. George Warner.

Ben Maginley stuck fast in his part in "May Blossom" the other night in Brooklyn, though he had played *Tom Blossom* three hundred and sixty times. He had a new *May Blossom* and was not on the alert. His companions only laughed.

Edwin Booth's brother-in-law, John S. Clarke, the comedian, is credited with owning the Strand theatre, in London, worth \$350,000, with the Walnut Street theatre and Haverly's, in Philadelphia, valued with the ground lots at \$500,000.

On April 1 a parcel was delivered to Louise Eldridge's house in New York, but she suspected a hoax and declined it. Next day she met Effie Ellsler, who informed her that, having lost a parcel of jewelry on the train, she requested that if found it should be sent to Mrs. Eldridge's residence. Up to the present nothing more has been heard of it.

It is said that Janish heads the list with a box that is sublime. "She deserves to have her name headed down to history, if only for one thing," said a well-known theatre-ginger, "and that thing is her hug. It is sublime: the most comprehensive, all-pervading thing in the way of an embrace that has ever been perpetrated on the stage. Bernhardt can hug with considerable abandon, and there is a certain completeness of self-surrender about Lydia Thompson's stage carapace. But this hug of Janish—well, it deserves to rank with Emma Abbott's kiss or Fanny Davenport's fall in 'Fedora.'"

The companions of Dan Sully's boyhood in Newport, where he was born, know that he has had a severe struggle to acquire the position that he now holds among comedians; that he has fought well, and raised himself step by step. Those friends decided to give him a fitting welcome when he would arrive in his native city with his company. This they did in grand style, and it was a complete surprise to him. A band of music was hired for the occasion, and carriages were also provided for the purpose of making a street procession before going to the hotel. In due time Sully and his company had arrived and taken their seats in the carriages; the line was formed and commenced to proceed through the principal streets of Newport. In the first vehicle the genial face of Mr. Sully was seen with his brother, who acts in the capacity of treasurer, and his aged mother. He seemed to realize that he was at home again, and what more appropriate example could any worthy young man set than to invite his parent to ride with him? All along the route he was greeted with cheers and congratulations from the vast throngs that had collected at every available point where they could find standing-room. He was more than delighted with the entertainment, and, upon arriving at the hotel, the crowd which followed refused to leave until Mr. Sully appeared on the balcony and expressed his thanks for the reception in a few well-chosen words. In the evening all the theatre-goers were astir to witness the performance of the "Corner Grocery," which piece Mr. Sully has won for himself an unenviable reputation. Before the doors were opened the crowd was so large that the sidewalks were impassable, and it required the services of a few policemen to keep them back until the box-office opened. It suffices to say that the house was packed, and such a delighted audience Newport never saw. Mr. Sully was encored several times, and when he made his appearance on the stage he was greeted with great applause. The main attraction of the evening's entertainment was the presentation of a gold medal to Mr. Sully from his friends in Newport; also a beautiful gold-headed cane from his company. Alderman John Waters presented the gift, and eulogized the recipient warmly for the success that he had achieved, telling him that he hoped he would continue to be more successful in the future, as his past success was a very fitting record for him to emulate. This ended the performance.

ROLLER RINKLES.



Prof. W. O. Knapp is only eighteen years of age. He first learned to navigate the "rollers" in Danbury, Conn., in 1883, and almost immediately became proficient as a graceful and fancy skater. In less than three months after he first put the rollers on he began giving exhibitions and his services were in great demand in all the rinks in the vicinity of Danbury. Last fall he was engaged in one of the Brooklyn rinks where he was seen by R. Hall Benton, one of the managers of the Manhattan Roller Skating Rink, in Greenpoint, who was so struck with his wonderful and elegant skating that he offered Prof. Knapp a large salary to accept the position of superintendent in the Manhattan Rink, then in course of erection. The offer was accepted, and Prof. Knapp has become one of the popular features of that rink since it opened in the early part of February. Prof. Knapp has become a popular favorite with the residents who have given him the name of the "Emperor of Skaters." Miss Libbie Parkinson is but fifteen years of age. The little lady is one of Prof. Knapp's pupils, and is so rapidly becoming proficient in all the arts of roller-skating that she bids fair to soon rival Jennie Houghton.

Mr. Klinker is to open a new rink at Fort Lee, N. J., May 15.

A party of New York capitalists have secured a site at Clifton, N. J., for a roller-skating rink, which is to be opened next month.

Our legislators admit that out of large towns rinks are a blessing. Of course they are, and in large towns they are a perfect Godsend.

William Shedd and C. C. Jarvis were opponents in a 5-mile roller-skating race at Woodstock, Ont., April 3, the former proving an easy winner.

Half the tracks laid out in skating rinks are short, and two-thirds of the time-keepers are incompetent, so that it is a hard matter to decide upon roller-skating records.

Nat Goodwin, in his new play, "Skating Rink," now on the road, has a dog which skates around the stage on roller-skates, and is one of the funniest hits of the season.

The spectacle of a four-weeks-old pig being chased by way of making sport for rough boys in a roller-rink in Newburgh, N. Y., a few days ago, was neither amusing nor edifying.

Brainard, Minn., reports that Otto Oleson, a sixteen-year-old of that place, on April 2, in a 10-hour contest at the rink, made 114 miles in the ten hours. This may be rink measurement, however.

A couple in Bridgeport were so entranced with the sport that they were married in the rink while wearing their skates, and after the ceremony bride and bridesmaids, groom and best man, skated a quadrille.

A correspondent writes that La Crosse, Wis., boasts of the fastest roller-skater for his age in America. His name is William Miller, and in a recent 10-hour contest at the Empire Rink, La Crosse, he covered 123 miles. Miller is only fourteen years of age, and Prof. Wm. E. Dunn, the manager of the rink, writes that he is a wonder on wheels.

An eminent counselor has given it as his opinion that Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry has no power to prevent little girls under sixteen giving exhibitions of fancy skating, the technical ground of his opinion being that the power to prevent such exhibitions is only exercisable when they are given in licensed places of public amusement. One medical man in Harlem has prescribed fancy skating as a strengthening exercise during the last few weeks for nearly a dozen little girls.

A professional skater says: "At Atlantic City, N. J., the local manager wanted me to agree to have roller-skating between the acts of 'Only a Farmer's Daughter,' in the place of overtures. He said the chairs were all movable, and the audience could skate between acts, while 'the actors were gettin' ready.' The funniest snap I ever saw, though, was in a rink in Cumberland, Md., for colored people exclusively—that is, to skate. A fakir struck the town with about forty pair of worn-out skates and rented a church, piled the seats and benches out in the yard and commenced business. One 300-pound darkey, with an 18 shoe, had a pair of No. 5 skates on. Another had his skates tied on with banjo-strings. Some skates had only three wheels. The fakir told me that, when business was good, he rented only one skate to each party, and gave them a cane."



LULU APPEGATE,

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MEMBER OF RICE AND DIXEY'S IXION BURLESQUE COMPANY.



JAMES LEWIS,

THE ENTERTAINING AND VETERAN BOGENTRO COMEDIAN OF AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY.

James Lewis.

The comical visage of James Lewis, Augustin Daly's humorist, is to be found elsewhere. Mr. Lewis is by long odds the drollest and neatest artist of his variety in the United States. During the successful engagement of the Daly company in London, the honors were divided

between Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert. In private life there is no truer gentleman, kinder friend and better citizen.

Lulu Applegate.

In the bright galaxy of youth and beauty which supports Harry Dixey in "Ixion" there

is none fairer or more enchanting than Miss Lulu Applegate, whose picture we publish elsewhere.

Practical Editors.

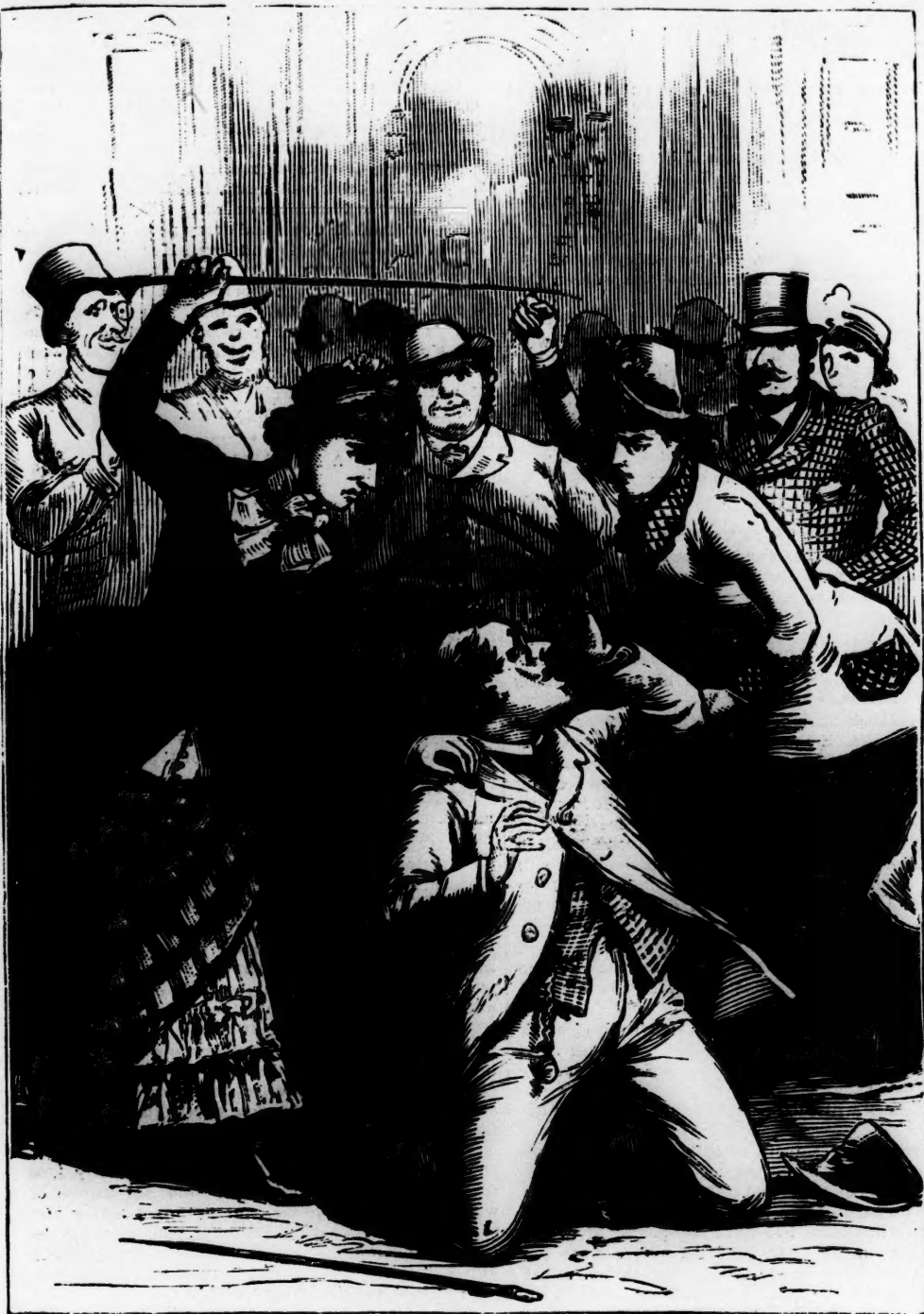
Col. Bingerly, editor of the Philadelphia Record, has a Holstein heifer which gave seven-

ty-two pounds of milk in one day. Col. Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, has a brood of Spanish capons, each of which is in the habit of laying a couple of eggs per diem. Dr. George L. Miller, editor of the Omaha Herald, has a forest of catalpa trees, which, by ingenious grafting, he has brought to bear an annual crop of delicious oranges.



ROTTEN ROW.

THE FEARFUL AND APPALLING CATASTROPHE WHICH OVERTOOK THE BUILDING OPERATIONS OF A MISERLY CONTRACTOR.



WHIPPED BY WOMEN.

MR. ONDERDONK, OF NYACK, IS SEVERELY CHASTISED IN THE STREET BY A COUPLE OF INDIGNANT AMAZONS.



GEORGE H. MILLS,

THE WIFE-MURDERER, WHO WAS HANGED IN BROOKLYN, N. Y., ON APRIL 10.



J. WARTNER,

CONDEMNED TO DIE MAY 15, AT RENSSELAER, IND., FOR THE MURDER OF JOHN DREGER.



AMOR SMITH, JR.,

THE NEWLY-ELECTED MAYOR OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Philadelphia Exposures.

Elsewhere we publish likenesses of Editor Allick McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, and Mayor Smith, of Philadelphia, who are now waging a war over the Sullivan-McCaffrey fiasco.

The Belligerent Miss Sweet.

Miss Ada Sweet, who is starting out to make a fight with the Commissioner of Pensions because he asked her to resign, is one of the most prominent of the women office-holders of the country. The salary of the position is \$4,000 a year. Her father was a gallant officer during the war. He died about 1873. At the time of his death he had charge of the pension office at Chicago.

His daughter, Miss Ada Sweet, was his chief clerk. The daughter, who was then about twenty-five years of age, made the bold determination to apply for her father's position. The friends of Gen. Sweet rallied



ADA SWEET,

THE YOUNG LADY WHO HOLDS THE CHICAGO PENSION AGENCY AGAINST GENERAL BLACK.

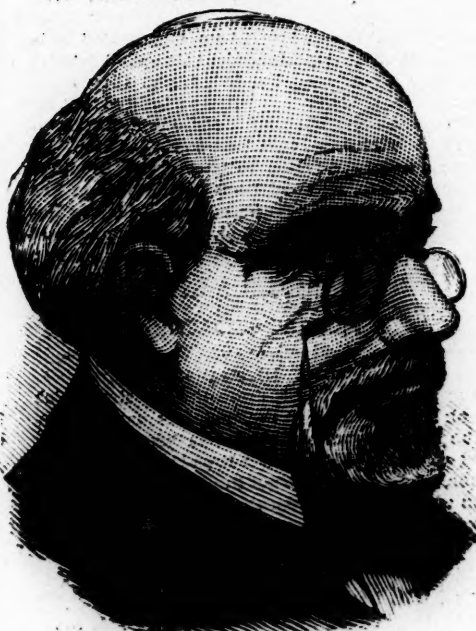
about her and through their influence President Grant made her Pension Agent.

George M. Pullman.

There is not a railroad traveler who has not some time rode in the celebrated Pullman palace cars which have made American railroads so comfortable. On another page will be found a good portrait of the gentleman who has made himself so comfortable as well by his wonderful cars, which bear his name. The town of Pullman, a few miles from Chicago, is a model settlement in itself. It is owned and run on strict business principles by the great car-builder, who gives his workmen the most convenient homes to live in and teaches them how to enjoy

themselves in a reasonable manner after their daily labor.

DRAM-SHOPS are defined by the Legislature of Kansas as "common nuisances."



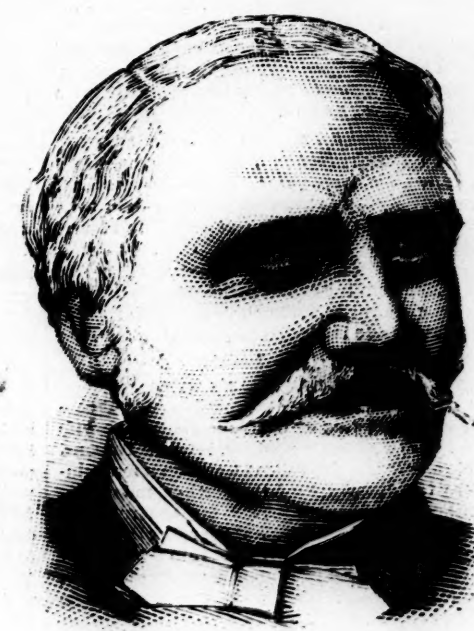
JAMES D. FISH,

THE EX PRESIDENT OF THE MARINE BANK, RECENTLY CONVICTED IN NEW YORK CITY.



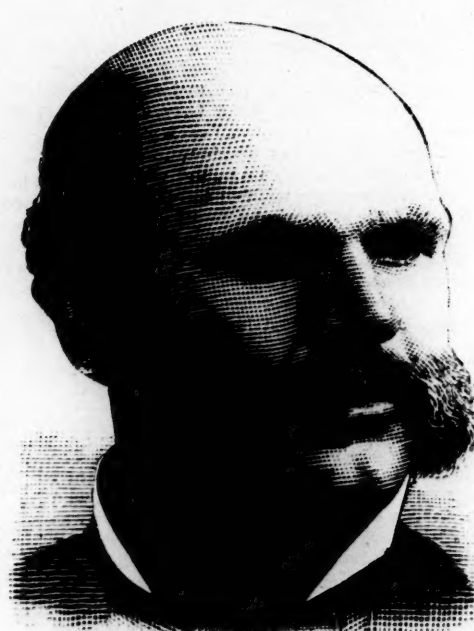
GEORGE M. PULLMAN,

THE GREAT PALACE-CAR BUILDER WHO MADE HIMSELF AND TRAVELERS SO COMFORTABLE.



ALEXANDER MCCLURE,

THE PHILADELPHIA EDITOR WHO HEADS THE MOVEMENT AGAINST MAYOR SMITH.



MAYOR SMITH,

THE INDEPENDENT EXECUTIVE OF THE DROWSY OLD BURGH OF PHILADELPHIA.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.

A "HOWLING SWELL" DIVORCE SUIT.

The divorce petition of Jennie P. Fosdick, of New York, against C. B. Fosdick, is being tried at Newport, R. I., before Chief Justice Durfee and Justice Stines, and proves to be one of the most extraordinary in the history of the State. Mrs. Fosdick was accompanied in court by Judge Horace Russell, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge S. Clark, her parents, and many others. She did not appear to let the extraordinary developments trouble her at all. She has City Solicitor Peckham for counsel. Mr. Fosdick, who was in



court with his parents, and Mr. David A. Wells, of Johnstown, N. Y., had as counsel Mr. Chas. H. Parkhurst and Mr. E. Hazard, of Providence. They are fighting the case step by step.

When the case was called counsel for the defense at once raised the question of jurisdiction. They said that the petitioner admitted having come here to obtain a divorce, and that her residence, if she had one here at all, was not such as the law contemplated. Counsel further argued that by an agreement entered into between the parties, whereby they were to live apart for their natural lives, and defendant to allow the petitioner \$2,500 a year, the whole charges, of all which had occurred prior to the agreement, had been condoned.

The Court, without deciding this point, proceeded to hear the testimony, including that of several witnesses who testified to the petitioner's desire for a *bona fide* residence here.

Mr. B. S. Clarke, of New York, father of the petitioner, testified that soon after the marriage of his daughter to Mr. Fosdick he was at Fort Monroe with them. He was called hurriedly to his daughter's room, when she accused her husband of striking her with his fist. There was a swelling on her forehead the size of a walnut. Witness put a 25-cent piece on to it, but it was not sufficient to cover it. Later on, when at San Maritz, his daughter wrote him that her husband had struck her on the arms, back and head with his stick. Later on, while at Rome, Italy, he received a telegram requesting his return, and when he arrived in this country he learned that Fosdick had been again beating his wife.

Mrs. Josephine Franck and Mrs. Anna Branwald testified to respondent's alleged acts of cruelty, and to his calling his wife very disgusting names. He neglected his children and his wife, and was frequently out all night. Kate Cooney gave similar testimony.

Dr. Hepburn testified to hearing Mrs. Fosdick say at Ithaca: "Right here on my back in the open street. I won't stand it. I will send for my father." This referred to an assault by the respondent.

Cornelius Pleasants, a coachman in the family, testified to being in the Fosdicks' employ at Babylon. One day Mr. Fosdick was going to New York. He had a victoria at the door. Fosdick took hold of his wife, pushed and struck her violently, told her to "Get in the carriage and shut your mouth." Mrs. Fosdick was then in a very delicate condition. The week following she gave birth to a child.

Walter and Percy Clarke, brothers of the petitioner, who are now in Montana, deposed to certain acts of cruelty.

The defense called Mr. C. Barton Fosdick, the father of the defendant. He testified to Mrs. Fosdick's neglect of her children and her home, and said that one of her companions was a Mrs. Hurlbert, who was even now in Providence seeking to get a divorce. One night Mr. and Mrs. Fosdick, who lived at his house then, went out separately. He returned at 10:30, but she did not return until 12:30. Then they had a row. Witness described at length the visits of a Mr. Charles A. Child, of New York, to the petitioner, which gave great offense to witness and his son, and caused a regular scandal. Witness also testified to Mrs. Fosdick's violent temper. He said that she used to sit in dark corners with Child, and when she was in New York she would receive him in her apartment, which sometimes was used as a bedroom and sometimes as a parlor. In consequence of this conduct he represented the case to his son, to whom he gave an excellent character.

Mrs. Fosdick, mother of the respondent, made an extraordinary sensation by her testimony, which was given in a very impressive manner. She said that before the second child was born Mrs. Fosdick was in a great rage when she discovered her condition. She wanted witness to give her something. She threatened to go to some one who would. Mrs. Hurlbert, who was suing for a divorce in Providence, and who was Mr. Child's sister, had a bad influence over her daughter-in-law.

Ellen Gorman, a domestic, testified to Mr. Child's having visited Mrs. Fosdick at their house in New York. He came one night, and Mrs. Fosdick sent witness to bed.

The evidence is not all in.

SARAH ALTHEA HILL-SHARON SKIPS.

Sarah Althea Hill-Sharon, having failed to produce the "My Dear Wife" letters and the alleged marriage contract in the United States Circuit Court last week,

as directed by Judge Sawyer, an order was issued for her appearance, to show cause why she should not be imprisoned for contempt. A deputy United States marshal started out in quest of Sarah Althea, to serve upon her the order to show cause, issued by Judge Sawyer, why she should not be punished for contempt in failing to produce the papers as ordered. The marshal went to work with the usual alacrity of these active officials, but he did not seem to find Sarah as fast as he expected to.

He labored hard, but no Sarah did he find. The marshal's men believe that she is in San Francisco, and declare that she will be found, if the whole force has to turn out to trace her; also that should they not be able to serve the order on her before the time named upon it for her to appear expires, Judge Sawyer will extend the time, and she will be systematically hunted.

Her absence probably explains what she meant when she said that she would not obey the order if the Court made it. And also the fact that her counsel were perfectly willing that the order should be made to bring her into court.

Those who have watched the case very closely during all its peculiar changes, say that this great struggle of Sarah's to keep the papers out of court is because she fears serious results for herself and others if they are given up for the expert's tests, and that she will attempt to keep away from the clutches of the officers until after the Supreme Court has passed upon her motion to dismiss Sharon's appeal from Sullivan's order and judgment. Should she be defeated there, they say that she will not produce the papers if there is any way by which she can lose them. It was ascertained that she sailed for Honolulu on the steamer Mariposa under an assumed name.

AN OLD SCANDAL REVIVED.

Coroner E. A. Reilly of Elmira, N. Y., and Thomas Neelson of San Francisco were arrested, April 10, for opening the grave and mutilating the remains of Gen. William Irvine, who died in San Francisco in December, 1882, and was brought here and buried in Woodlawn Cemetery. Neelson, who says he is a detective, visited Elmira in January to make some preliminary observations. Three weeks ago he returned, accompanied by Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald, of San Francisco. He said that they were on legal business connected with the settlement of an estate. They worked up their plans by presenting their own affidavits and other documents purporting to be from San Francisco doctors and others, alleging that Irvine died by poisoning. Cemetery Commissioner Nathan Baker, ex-Coroner Maroney, Drs. W. Wey and C. H. Squire were present when the grave was opened and the body taken to the dead-house, where the stomach was cut out and the remains otherwise mutilated. The stomach was properly sealed, and is now in the hands of Reilly. These facts becoming known to the family of Gen. Irvine, his daughter, Mrs. Lilla Merkle, swore out a warrant for the arrest of Reilly and Neelson. The case came before Recorder Cass, and was postponed one week. Reilly was released on \$1,000 bail, and Neelson, in default of bail, was locked up.

Gen. Irvine became acquainted with Mrs. Fitzgerald in 1858, and she afterward went to live with him. Turning of her, he got her married to an army officer named Lee, who turned out to be a drunkard. In 1871 Gen. Irvine went to San Francisco and secured a heavy law practice. He again met Mrs. Fitzgerald and lived with her some time, his wife being in the East. In 1881 Irvine's family followed him to San Francisco, and his relations with Mrs. Fitzgerald became of public notoriety. Gen. Irvine died suddenly of pneumonia. Mrs. Fitzgerald claimed to have loaned him \$2,400, and she was living in one of his houses at the time of his death. She sued for the \$2,400, but was beaten in court. She also claimed that in a will Irvine had left her a large amount of property, but no will has ever been found. Her agents have attempted several times to get money from Mrs. Irvine.

It is said that the present act is to draw money from Mrs. Irvine, who was with her husband when he died, and who gave him something to eat just before his death. The attempt to prove poisoning, of course, aims to fix the deed upon Mrs. Irvine, a lady very highly respected and esteemed here.

THEIR GAME EXPLODED.

Mrs. Annie P. Merton's suit for divorce against her husband, Herman, was dismissed by Chief Justice Barnard in Brooklyn. Five men, who said they were private detectives, testified that they saw Merton in a house on West Thirty-first street, this city, and made damaging allegations. Merton, it appears, was enticed into the house by a postal card, asking him to call and make an estimate for some carpentering. It was signed "Raymond."

One of the private detectives, who testified under the name of Rose, represented himself as Raymond and spoke about the work. As it was night, Merton decided to call again in the daytime. He did so, and learning the character of the house, went away. His testimony was corroborated by one Ingall, who accompanied him on both visits.

Judge Barnard in dismissing the complaint declared that Merton had only been saved from the machinations of the private detectives by taking with him a friend who had stood by him.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN MARRIED AGAIN.

Mrs. Sallie Ward Lawrence Hunt Armstrong, who has been known for forty years as the most beautiful woman in the South, was married for the fourth time last week in her private parlors at the Galt House, Louisville, Ky. The groom was Mr. G. F. Downs, a wealthy gentleman of high social position, seventy-five years of age. Though the courtship has lasted six years the wedding is a surprise, and will cause a great social sensation. The bride is fifty-eight years old, but does not look over forty-five.

ELOPES WITH HIS UNCLE'S WIFE.

The town of Lewes, Del., was thrown into great confusion the other morning by the elopement of the wife of Robert Parsons with his nephew, Edward Parsons. The couple arrived at the railroad station a few minutes before the departure of the north-bound train. Mr. Parsons, who was searching for the runaway couple, rode up just as his wife was boarding the train. As young Parsons was following her into the car her husband seized him and pushed him to the platform, where a terrible struggle ensued. The antagonists fought desperately, and not until the train moved away did the fight cease, when young Parsons fell his uncle to the ground, and, breaking through the crowd, ran and caught the departing train, on board of which was Mrs. Parsons. During the fight Robert Parsons received several wounds, and now lies in a critical condition. The eloping couple bought tickets for Philadelphia.

FISH HOOKED.

The Banker Who Ruined Gen. Grant at Last Put in Jail.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

When James D. Fish, of the Marine Bank, was taken to Ludlow Street Jail Warden Philip Kiernan was waiting for him behind the prison register. The jail's big door clanked heavily, two or three lighter gratings opened and shut, and Mr. Fish was safely lauded.

Deputy Marshal Jeffries handed the warden this commitment:

No. 1,722.
The United States vs. James D. Fish—Charged with Violating the Banking Laws.
The above defendant is hereby delivered by me into the custody of the keeper of the County Jail in pursuance of the statutes in such case made and provided.
(Signed) JOEL B. EKENDRUP,
Marshal of the United States for the Southern District of New York.
April 11, 1906.

The warden entered in the register:
Prisoner—James D. Fish. Charge—Violating banking laws.

Then he shut the book with a bang, and led Mr. Fish to the stairway. They climbed one flight of iron steps and reached what is called the ground-floor, though it's one story above the ground. Then they climbed another flight to the "first tier," and walked half way along the tier. The warden opened cell No. 41, Mr. Fish entered, the iron door sprung to behind him, and Mr. Fish must have realized that his money-making methods were faulty.

The cell is about eight feet by ten. The floor shines from scrubbing, the walls shine with whitewash. A cot, a table and a chair leave little room for walking. The light peeps in through a barred window looking upon Ludlow street. The boy who rakes the furnaces in Mr. Fish's Mystic Flats sleeps in a better room.

Mr. Fish arose at half-past six. He laved himself in a tin basin, got into the ill-fitting pepper-and-salt suit of clothes that he wore at his trial, combed the little fringe of white hair circling his head, arranged his gray beard and was ready for breakfast. Those who can pay for it can eat at the warden's private table in the jail. Mr. Fish is not ruined yet, even if those who trusted him are, so he came down stairs to the warden's dining-room.

Mr. Fish was in finest appetite. He ate a beef steak and some ham and eggs and he drank his coffee as if he liked it. Right opposite to his seat hung on the wall this sign:

"Gentlemen will please not take anything from the table."

Mr. Fish did not stop to consider whether the sign referred to the spoons or the food, but devoted himself to his ham and eggs and coffee.

The distinguished prisoner lounged into the warden's office after breakfast, lit a cigar and talked of everything but of his case or himself. "I don't want to see him," he answered, gruffly, when the warden asked him if he would like to call on Mr. Ferdinand Ward. The idea disturbed him, for he left the office and went back to his cell. Two minutes afterward Mr. Ward left his apartments and stretched his legs in the corridor. The masters of finance missed each other by a hair's-breadth. A dozen times during the day the same thing happened, yet they failed to meet.

One of Mr. Fish's sons came to see him about 11 o'clock with a tall, stout gentleman who did not send in his name. The three talked long together and in low tones. Scarcely had the younger Fish gone away when dinner time came and the elder Fish came with it to the private table. He was prompt and hungry, and the warden's menu was good. Fricassee chicken, corned beef, beets, peas and pudding all passed over his critical palate, and he enjoyed them.

Seated again in the office at half-past two after dinner, Mr. Fish seemed at peace with all the world. Watching the smoke wreath from his cigar he began to talk. His voice was quiet and firm; not a tremor shook the hand that held the cigar.

"I must say I expected that the jury would disagree," said the pent-up speculator, "but I've gone through so much lately that I'm no longer surprised at anything." Puff, puff at the cigar and a pause. Then he went on:

"As for that collusion with Ward that Root laid such stress on, that's absolutely false. I was investing money where I thought it would bring me the largest and quickest returns. The investments have proved to be unwise. Now they talk of collusion."

Another pause and a very far-away look out of the sharp little eyes.

"I don't know what my lawyers will do about this. I suppose they'll appeal. I'm ignorant of the course to be taken. I've never had occasion before to learn it. I'm told I go to court again to-morrow morning."

Again an interval of musing.

"After all a man can accommodate himself to any circumstances. They are plenty of rich men who are not happy simply because they are rich. Now I had a very good bed last night, very good; and this morning I enjoyed my breakfast very much. The ham and eggs were good. The bread was as good as I could get anywhere in New York. Now just to show you: I was in Mexico not long ago. I couldn't eat anything there. They don't know how to cook. For example, they served me stewed tomatoes swimming in grease. Bah! That disgusted me."

Mr. Fish threw away his cigar, whose light had gone out, rose and walked toward the stairway, to all outward appearance pondering on the stewed tomatoes a Mexican served him and giving not a thought to the straits he is in.

MAUD S.'S BILL OF FARE.

A group of well-known horsemen stood around Maud S. in her comfortably-fitted apartment in the Belmont Park stables, Philadelphia, the other day, and discussed the probability of the famous trotter lowering next fall her already great record. The little mare, who is always given the full range of her comely stall, moved from one man to another, playfully poking her nose under their arms or into their coat pockets in quest of the tidbits she is accustomed to receive. She finally got around to her trainer, W. W. Blair, against whose cheek she rubbed her nose, and then proceeded to make a thorough examination of his coat pockets.

"She wants some candy," said Mr. Blair. "She likes it."

After eating several pieces of candy with apparent satisfaction, she demonstrated the versatility of her taste by munching with equal pleasure a small slice of gingerbread and a piece of pretzel.

"The little mare began jogging on the track on Mon-

day last," Mr. Blair said, "but so far she has not been moved much, only enough to give her necessary exercise. The track is in such bad condition that nothing can be done on it yet. We jog Maud around six or seven miles a day at a slow gait now, but after the track gets better we will let her go faster."

The usual daily programme consists at present of a good rubbing down in the morning by Daniel Bowers, the groom, a brisk walk on the track in the forenoon and another in the afternoon, after which the mare is again well rubbed down and every particle of mud removed from her hoofs and legs. Her food consists principally of warm mash. Since she came to the park there has been no perceptible change in her weight, which is now 1,040 pounds. She weighed 942½ pounds when she made her record of 2:00½ at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Bonner was at Belmont Park last week and expressed great satisfaction with the condition of Maud S. He has not decided at what places she shall trot during the approaching season.

A FIDDLER'S GAME.

Two Shrewd Rogues Play an Old Trick With Great Success.

"They are getting up to American tricks in Paris," said a lately returned tourist.

"Who are?"

"Why, the rogues, of course. Those Europeans never imitate our good qualities. They only pick up our vices."

"Why, I thought Parisians could give us points on knavish tricks."

"May be; but in some things we lay 'way over them," said the tourist, with a sort of national pride.

"For instance now?"

"Well, take a case that occurred the week before I sailed. It was reported in the French papers and ran as follows:

"A little boy, a street musician, with his violin under his arm, entered a pork butcher's shop in the 'Rue des Martyrs' and purchased a 'knuckle of ham for three francs. On feeling in his pockets he found that he had left the money at home which his mother had given him to pay for it. As it was luncheon-time, and he would be scolded if he went home empty-handed, he asked the shopkeeper to take the violin in pledge; he would come and redeem it in the afternoon. The shopkeeper consented and put the instrument away in a corner. A quarter of an hour later a gentleman of distinguished appearance, drove up in a landau, made purchases of pale de fole gras to the amount of forty francs, and carefully taking up the violin, exclaimed: 'What a superb instrument! He tried it on connoisseur and offered 100, 200, 500 and finally 1,000 francs for it. The shopkeeper could not dispose of what did not belong to him, but promised to try and obtain it for his wealthy customer, who took his departure, leaving his address: 'Lord Russell, Grand Hotel.'"

"Ah! that was the scheme, eh?"

"You recognize it as the old Yankee trick," said the tourist, in another glow of national pride. "Well, a very pretty scene ensued on the return of the poor little musician. He for some time objected to parting with his favorite fiddle, but at last, after going home to obtain his mother's consent, he gave it up for 550 francs. The pork butcher dressed himself in his best, called a cab, and drove to the Grand Hotel, where he was politely informed that no such person as Lord Russell was staying there. The unfortunate tradesman turned all colors, excitedly insisted that he was not mistaken, and brandished his fiddle with such energy that he had to be turned out. The value of the instrument has since been ascertained to be six francs."

"The English lord was an accomplice of the knavish boy?"

"You've hit the mark."

"That is a chestnut trick."

"Yes, on this side of the water, but it's no chestnut in Paris, as its success proves."

MASQUERADING AS A BOY.

Application was made on April 11 by hotel proprietor Chadwick, of the Irving House, Philadelphia, to Superintendent of Police Campbell, of Brooklyn, to investigate a case of supposed bigamy. Mr. Chadwick represented that a few days ago a well-dressed, good-looking and smooth-faced youth registered at the Irving House and engaged board. After a few days' sojourn Mrs. Chadwick, wife of the proprietor, made the discovery that the guest was a woman. The trousseau were promptly discarded and, attired in fashionable female apparel, the apparent young man was transformed into a pretty and stylish girl of nineteen. She gave the name of Gertrude Deborah, and said that she was the wife of T. B. Holmes, a city surveyor in this city. Mrs. Holmes said she had no money and furthermore that her husband had two other wives living in Brooklyn.

The two Brooklyn "wives" were represented to be living in that city. Superintendent Campbell detailed an officer to accompany Chadwick, and they found Holmes at No. 43 Nassau street. He admitted that the girl who masqueraded in man's attire in Philadelphia was his wife, but alleged that she had robbed him. He had, he said, been married to one of the Brooklyn ladies referred to, but had been divorced from her. The other, he said, had never been his wife, but he had been on intimate terms with her. Holmes promised to look after his Philadelphia bride and provide a home for her.

A SHOCKING OUTRAGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On our first page we illustrate the disaster which overtook a young man of the nude persuasion who, with the effrontery of his kind, has been trying for the last six months to "mash" a Broad street telegraph operator. A week ago she put him in such close connection with the instrument that he has been sucking his finger-tips ever since and regretting that he did not trust his message to the mail.

Back Fall, the gypsy violinist, who recently died at Pesth, Hungary, was the husband of four wives and the father of thirty-four children, and his funeral was attended by more than 10,000 people; but it is not mentioned whether this popular outpouring was a tribute to his superiority as a fiddler or a father.

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

A HIDEOUS MYSTERY.

The Appalling Discovery Made by a Chambermaid in a St. Louis Hotel.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The mutilated body of a man packed in a trunk was taken out of a room in the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, about noon, April 14. The odor from the trunk caused the discovery.

The hotel register shows that on March 20 a gentleman registered as Walter H. Lennox Maxwell, M. D., from London, and was assigned to that room. On opening the trunk it was found that the head of the man was severed from his body, and, written on a paper inside the trunk were the words: "So perish all traitors to the great cause!"

Mr. Maxwell is described as a very girlish-looking blonde young man, wearing a dark, woolly cut-away suit of English stuff. His face was clean shaven, and he wore his hair banged, not parting it at all. He was seen in company frequently with a dark-looking gentleman, who registered as C. Arthur Preller, London, Eng., and was assigned to room 184, four days after Maxwell had registered. A telegram had previously been received from Preller, asking whether Maxwell was a guest at the house. He was answered in the affirmative and he soon came on.

Both men occupied room 184 in common a considerable part of the time, each of them calling for the key at times. They seemed to be good friends and old acquaintances. The men were much remarked about the hotel for their duds. Maxwell left the hotel a week ago Sunday night, but he had paid his full week's board promptly, and it was supposed that he would return any day. No suspicion attached to his absence until the odor called attention to his room, and led to the opening of the trunk.

The trunk and its ghastly contents were hurried to the Four Courts. The body, as it appeared in the trunk, presented a horrible aspect. The face and parts of the body uncovered (the only garment a pair of drawers, reaching just to his knees) were entirely black, and showed advanced decomposition. The head and neck were doubled up at one end of the trunk, and the arms were forced down by the side of and under the body. The legs were bent at the knees, the thighs being nearly perpendicular, as if great force had been used in putting the body into the trunk. The face was smooth, the hair jet-black, and, as far as one could judge, the dead man could not have been more than thirty years of age. The only evidence of violence presented as the body lay in the trunk was a cut or stab in the breast. The trunk was a medium-sized common zinc trunk, bound with wooden strips.

Another trunk in the room was also carted off to the Morgue, where it was opened and found to contain numerous articles, among which were Maxwell's London address as "14 Paper Building, Temple, London," and an envelope addressed in his handwriting to "the Rev. G. A. Lewis, B. A., Curate of St. Paul's, Morley, Leeds, Yorkshire, Eng." He came over on the steamer Cephalonia from England. Preller has a Russian passport vized by the Russian Ambassador in London in 1878, and a passport, 1883, for Spain and Mexico, vized by the Spanish minister and signed Granville. Seven trunks, four valises, and a hat-box were left behind at the hotel, and the contents are valued at hundreds of dollars.

Among many other things in Maxwell's trunk were some prescription blanks from Fernon's drug store in this city. Mr. Fernon said to a reporter that he knew Maxwell; that the latter had been in his store often; that he saw him last on Easter Sunday, when he called about 1 o'clock, and got four ounces of chloroform. About 5 o'clock he came in and got two ounces more. He seemed to be in a hurry, but not excited. A partly filled bottle of chloroform was found in Maxwell's trunk to-day. It has also been learned that on Monday following Easter Sunday Maxwell went to Hickman's barber shop and had a full beard which he wore reduced to a mustache and small imperial, and that on the same day he purchased a snuff-colored felt slouch hat with a crease crown. It is believed by those who have studied the case most closely that Maxwell chloroformed and killed Preller on Sunday, April 6. He has not been seen in the city since Monday, April 6.

Chief of Detectives Burke said: "It is a foul murder, and nothing less. The man in the trunk was killed in the room. The marks of his blood are there yet. Here is a trunk strap with blood on it."

In Preller's trunks were found samples of furniture, furnishings, tapestry, rugs, etc. A bundle of letters from Preller to the firm of J. H. Dixon, Bradford, Yorkshire, on business matters, was also found, as well as addresses of several carpet firms in St. Louis. A card plate reading "C. A. Preller, 31 Abchurch lane, London, Eng.," was also found.

Preller's trunks are of much better quality than Maxwell's, being made of fine leather, and their contents indicate that their owner was a gentleman of means and culture. The trunks have on them labels of the Cunard Steamship Company, and the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, where he occupied room 186 on March 28.

Maxwell generally dressed in a brown tweed suit of English cut, a Newmarket overcoat, and a high Derby hat. In his manner he was very effeminate, which he even carried so far as to walk with short, mincing steps, like a woman.

MAYOR AMOR SMITH, JR.

[With Portrait.]

Mayor Smith, of Cincinnati, O., was born at Dayton, O., in 1840. He attended the Swedenborgian University at Urbana, and left before graduating to enter business with his father, in Cincinnati, and continues in it as the junior member of the firm of Amor Smith & Co., Cincinnati. He has been a member of the Chamber of Commerce since 1870. He was elected in 1870 a member of the first or "reform" Board of Aldermen. 1875 found him Chairman of the County Republican Executive Committee, and that year saw the banners of the party carried to victory after three years of successive defeat, covering the times of the crusade. In 1876 he was re-elected to this position. He was also Chairman of the Campaign Committee for the second or \$6,000,000 bill for the Southern Railway, one of the hardest and most brilliant fights in the history of elections in this county. He was appointed

Collector of Internal Revenue in 1873 by President Hayes and served until March, 1882. He was a delegate to the last presidential convention in Chicago, from the Second District.

In social life Mr. Smith is equally popular. He was Chairman of the Committee on Press when the National Saengerfest was held in Cincinnati, and the original building on the site of the present Music Hall was built. He is also a prominent member of the Patriotic Order of Cincinnati.

GONE TO GLORY.

Another Wife-Killer Sent to Meet His Victim With the Usual Pomp and Ceremony.

[With Portrait.]

George H. Mills, the wife-murderer, was hanged in Raymond street jail, Brooklyn, on Friday April 10. At 6 o'clock he woke up with a start. He dressed himself carefully in a black suit. At the last moment a slight change was made in his outfit. Finding that the patent-leather slippers were too large for his feet, he expressed a desire for light gallops, and a neat-fitting pair were promptly provided. He feared that in his death struggle the slippers might fall off. After being shaved closely, according to his request to the barber, he knelt in prayer with Chaplain Bass for half an hour.

On the approach of 10 o'clock Sheriff Farley, dressed in a new broadcloth suit, Under Sheriff McLaughlin, Anthony Barrett, counsel for the Sheriff, and twelve deputy sheriffs, all carrying the staves of office, and with crape on their left arms, marched up the corridor to the cell of the condemned man. Mills greeted them pleasantly, but when Sheriff Farley whispered a word in his ear he said, loud enough to be heard several yards away:

"Sheriff, I asked you not to hurry this."

"I haven't, Mills," replied the Sheriff.

"Yes," said Mills, "but the law doesn't say that I must be hanged at any particular hour; the day alone is stated. Any time before sundown would be sufficient."

"I have tried to do all I could," said the Sheriff.

Mills then turned to where his friend Maybee was standing, and said, "I am ready." Lawyer Barrett read the death warrant. As the long and formal document was read Mills paid the utmost attention, frequently interrupting the reading with criticisms. When the words which caused his wife's death were described he remarked, "Oh, no, there was nothing of that kind."

After the reading of the death warrant Mills was turned over to the executioner, a little, mild-featured, blue-eyed man, with a bronzed face and iron-gray mustache, the same who had made such a bungling job of the hanging of the negro, Alexander Jefferson. The little man was resolved that there would be no mistake this time. He had left the pinning of Jefferson and the arrangement of the noose to an assistant, but on this occasion he performed the duty himself. But it was not without some reluctance.

"I have been," he said, "in this business for twenty-five years, and I have never done this before. I would not do it had I not promised the Sheriff that every possible care should be taken to prevent a scene on the scaffold."

A procession was formed with Sheriff Farley and Under Sheriff McLaughlin in front, Mills and Chaplain Bass, who wore a black surplice, following, and the twelve deputy sheriffs two and two behind. Then came some of the jail officials, Coroners Meninger and Hesse, and a squad of physicians. Mills' step was firm.

The scaffold was on the ground floor, between the ends of the tiers and about ten feet from the back wall of the prison. A high frame partition to the right concealed from view the machinery, the hangman and his attendants.

Mills walked directly to the spot beneath the rope, turning his eyes to the right and left, as if to give a parting look to such friends as he could recognize. His white-kid-gloved hands could be seen twitching by his side. He looked earnestly at Chaplain Bass. There were, however, no religious exercises. The hangman adjusted the noose, and then Chaplain Bass, stepping a few feet to the front, said:

"This man wants to return thanks to the Sheriff and the jailers and to the persons who have attended him."

He then stepped aside, and Mills, with head erect and eyes looking straight ahead, said:

"Gentlemen, I stand before you here to-day condemned to death, and I have but a few moments to live. I appeal to my God to witness as I stand here that when I committed the crime I am to die for was out of my mind. The civil law of this land has got to be carried out, and I commend myself to God, and thank you, Sheriff, and your officers for the kind manner you have treated me. I thank all my friends, and especially my dear brother Bass, who worked so hard for me, and who has been blamed for trying to save a man's soul. He has done as much for me as a legal adviser. He has done more to save me. My legal adviser I (pausing) won't say anything about. God save me and I hope he will forgive. I commend myself to God."

These words were spoken in a clear and strong voice.

"Be firm," the Sheriff whispered, "be firm, Mills; your last moment has come."

"God bless—God bless you," whispered the pale lips. To place the knot in position, under the left ear, and to draw down the cap was the work of an instant. Apparently there was no sign from the Sheriff. Without warning to the spectators, Mills was jerked three feet into the air. There was little evidence of a death struggle. In less than a minute all motion had ceased. He was hanged at 10:14 o'clock, and at 10:15 his body was lowered into a black-cloth covered coffin. Dr. John Johnson said:

"It was the most painless execution I have ever witnessed, and I have seen scores. I don't think the man suffered for an instant. The knot was so arranged that the neck was broken and death was instantaneous."

THE GIANTS MATCHED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our wonderful double-page block this week represents the meeting of Champion Sullivan and ex-Champion Ryan when they came together to arrange the details of the great scientific and artistic exhibition in which each confidently hopes to prove himself a better boxer than the other.

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

MURDEROUS MORTAR.

A Row of Rotten Buildings Falls in with Fatal Effect.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There were but few streets in New York that wore a more unsuspicious aspect, if streets can be said to be unsuspicious, than West Sixty-second street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, did at three o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th. The muffled noise of the hammers and saws within, and the laughter of the few children playing in the heaps of earth before the buildings were the only sounds that reached the ears of the few passers-by on the nearly empty avenues at either end of the block.

At five minutes after three, Frank Watson, one of the lathers, discovered that he was thirsty, very thirsty. His "boss" was not around, and his tin lunch pail was lying at the foot of the low scaffolding on which he was working in a room in one of the houses in the middle of the doomed row. The temptation proved too strong for Watson. He dropped his hammer and left the half-finished ceiling to take care of itself for a few minutes, while he and the tin pail went around the corner to the nearest beer saloon.

The pail was filled, and Watson was just rounding the corner, when a shrill scream up the street made him start. The scream came from one of the half-dressed children who had been playing in the heaps of dirt which had served as sand for the mortar used in this typical row of New York tenement houses.

The child had dropped the bit of board that he had been using as a shovel and was scampering across the street. At his heels followed his screaming playmates.

The next instant there was a crackling sound, followed by a deafening crash. Then, as Watson stared motionless up the street, the front of the house nearest the Tenth avenue end of the fatal row began to swing back and forth. The bricklayers at work on the low wall of the next house, which had scarcely risen above the foundations, dropped their trowels, sprang down into the street and ran for their lives.

The front of the house adjoining gave a final lurch and caved in. Before it had disappeared inward the unpainted iron cornice of the next house fell forward into the street, and the entire front wall crumbled down. Then the other six houses, one after the other, tumbled down as if they had been so many houses of cards, and a dense cloud of dust rose, blinding the view of people on the block to everything in the street.

At the upper end of the block at Tenth avenue two policemen—Malone and Strong—were standing on the corner. When the crash came both started on a run down the block toward the falling buildings, but as the thick cloud of dust puffed up toward them they turned simultaneously and started for the fire-alarm box on a telegraph pole diagonally across on the lower corner of Tenth avenue. From this box, numbered 551, a fire-alarm signal was sent out, which called up engines Nos. 44, 23 and 47, the last being a combination company, comprising a hook and ladder company as well. They had hardly sent this signal when a workman dashed up the street to them. "There are more than twenty men buried under these houses. Send for an ambulance!" he yelled, and then ran down the avenue, calling for assistance upon every one he met as he ran.

This startling intelligence completely upset the two policemen. They ran across the avenue, and, stopping for a moment on the corner, peeped down the street into the murky dust cloud that hid everything twenty feet away from them. A confused chorus of shrieks, cries and groans came to them from where the houses had stood. This was enough. One of the officers at once plunged into the suffocating cloud, while the other went back to the alarm box and sent out twenty-five taps.

This signal threw every hospital in the city into confusion, for every one in them knew that it was the signal for all the ambulances on Manhattan Island—a signal which is only heard on occasions of great disaster. Two special fire calls for Hook and Ladder Companies Nos. 2 and 13 were then rung out by the policeman, when the box was closed and he ran to his brother officers' assistance in the cloud of dust.

Fully five minutes passed before the terrified crowd that had gathered at both ends of the block could tell what had happened. Then, as the dust was slowly blown aside by the wind that blew up from the North river, the ruins lay before them.

The street was filled with shattered beams and great galvanized iron cornices, twisted as if they had been made of pewter. Where the row of eight houses, five stories high, had stood but a few moments before there was nothing but a great heap of broken timbers and huge piles of brick reaching up as high as where the second story had been.

For a few moments there was hardly a movement in the throng that stared, bewildered, at the ruins, and then came a sound that seemed to be the death cry of all the wounded men buried beneath the great pile of debris before them. There was a rush from both avenues, upward and downward, and in a moment the street was filled with shrieking women and pale-faced men.

Still no one seemed to realize that there could be anything done until a tall figure, in a black coat buttoned tightly up under the chin, appeared on the top of the ruins and shouted down to the bewildered crowd in the street. It was Father Brady, one of the Paulist Fathers from the church at the corner of Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. He had been visiting one of his parishioners in Sixty-first street, and, hearing the crash, had hurried through the house and the back yards and clambered over the ruins.

Under his stirring orders the spell that held the crowd was broken, and men, women and children dashed in among the piles of ruined masonry, and with their hands began to tear away the beams and bricks that were crushing out the lives of the groaning men below.

They had hardly begun when the Roosevelt Hospital ambulances arrived, closely followed by the engines, hook and ladder companies and the ambulances from the more distant hospitals.

UNHOLY NEIGHBORS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Close by the Hoboken Monastery a gang of loafers, with female equivalents, made their home in a deserted shanty. The orgies of the ungodly crew so disturbed the monks that they complained to the police

and a raid was ordered. Six "toughs" and five young girls, two of them with nursing infants, were duly captured. Every one of the lot had served more or less time in the penitentiary.

IN THE TIGER'S CAGE.

Animal Trainers Transferring a Menagerie to Summer Quarters.

One of the most ticklish epochs in the life of the showman was observed at Adam Forepaugh's winter quarters in Richmond, Va., the other day. It was the removal of the animals forming the menagerie from their comfortable stalls under cover to the narrow limits of the iron-barred cages on wheels. This dangerous work was done under the direction of Supt. "Jack" Forepaugh, a brother of the veteran showman, noted as a wild-beast trainer, and about twenty keepers. The work of removal began about 9 o'clock and occupied the entire day.

The first beast of note to be stirred from his den was George, the hippopotamus, who lays in a doze on a bed of hay. His "hotel" for the next six months, as the keepers named the carved and illuminated wagon, had been backed up to the stable-door and opened and a stout platform was built by which he could walk easily in. George's stall was at the further end of the stable, and from this to the platform at the door was thrown up a temporary barricade, formed of loose plank, several iron-bound boxes that resembled dry goods cases and a skirlish line of keepers, all armed with heavy whips of thong.

"Now, Pete," said Supt. "Jack," "bring George out." Pete, who was a medium-sized lad of about twenty years, with a smooth, blonde face and an accent that betokened his Scandinavian birth, walked to the stall, took down the heavy bars, and, touching the behemoth lightly under the chin with his heavy training-whip, said:

"Come on-ee, George."

An enormous deep-red cavity formed, and from it came a roar that shook the building and aroused the lions on the floor above. Then George walked straight out along the narrow avenue lined with keepers to the platform leading to his cage, looked at the vehicle for a moment, and deliberately turned around and attempted to go back to his old quarters.

"Hold the planks up to him," shouted Supt. "Jack."

"Don't let him turn around."

The keepers held a heavy plank behind the retreating beast, against which he rubbed for a moment, and then opening his mouth gave a terrific roar and—lay down.

Prevented from going to his box-stall George thought to foil his disturbers by doing nothing.

"Fahaw!" said the superintendent in a tone of disgust. "Tickle him with the whip, Pete."

By this time George had closed his eyes and to all appearance was utterly oblivious of the commotion in progress around him. Pete, the flaxen-haired Swede, tickled him, coaxed him, and finally changing his tactics, brought the tough lash smartly across his hide.

George warily opened one eye, took in the situation and relapsed into apparent slumber.

"Look out for yourselves, boys," determinedly said Supt. Jack, whip in hand. "I'll rouse him up."

"Now, George, get up. You won't?"

Whack! whack! whack! whack! whack! whack! rained the blows all over George's side. He opened both eyes and stumbled to his feet.

"Now, push him with the plank, men."

George felt the pressure and moved a step. More blows, another step. He is on the incline; he hesitates, looks around at the company of keepers, the plank presses behind, half a dozen whips sting his hide. There is escape in front; he roars, loses his head, and, seeking refuge, stumbles into the waiting cage.

Supt. "Jack" wipes his brow and says:

"We did that easier than I expected; that hippopotamus is a stubborn brute."

The huge show-wagon containing George rolled out of the yard, and, in its stead another gilded cage backed up to the stable door.

"Belle, the tigress," said Supt. Jack, as nonchalantly as if he had said "Belle, the kitten." "I want you, Pete, and all the old keepers, to look sharp. I don't want her frisking about this place."

Belle was in a separate cage on the second floor.

The noise from the floor below had aroused the dwellers in the wild animal quarter, and "Belle" was found pacing up and down her cage, looking regally handsome. Next to her chamber three royal Bengal tigers, not so self-contained, uttered roar after roar as the keepers approached the beauty's apartment.

Pete, the superintendent's young assistant, put his hand on the bars, greeted the royal beauty in an easy manner and then climbed on top of the iron-barred box that the keepers pushed close against Belle's cage. The slide in the box was open, and Pete lifted three of the bars of the cage from their sockets. The tigress halted for a moment and looked at the opening in the box.

"Go in, Belle," coaxed Pete. "Now, there's a good girl, go right in, everything is all right." By this time Belle was in the box, the heavy slide dropped and the iron-bound cage was dragged from the empty cage to the hatchway over the entrance.

After being lowered to the ground floor the box was dragged close to the entrance of the cage on wheels, and by the same gentle persuasions the handsome Belle was induced to enter her summer quarters.

J. WARTNER.

[With Portrait.]

Wartner, the condemned murderer of John Dreger, is to be hanged at Rensselaer, Ind., on May 15 next. Of late he has lost all cheerfulness, and appears to be awaiting the dreadful execution with fear and consternation. He no longer sleeps well, and scarcely eats one meal in five.

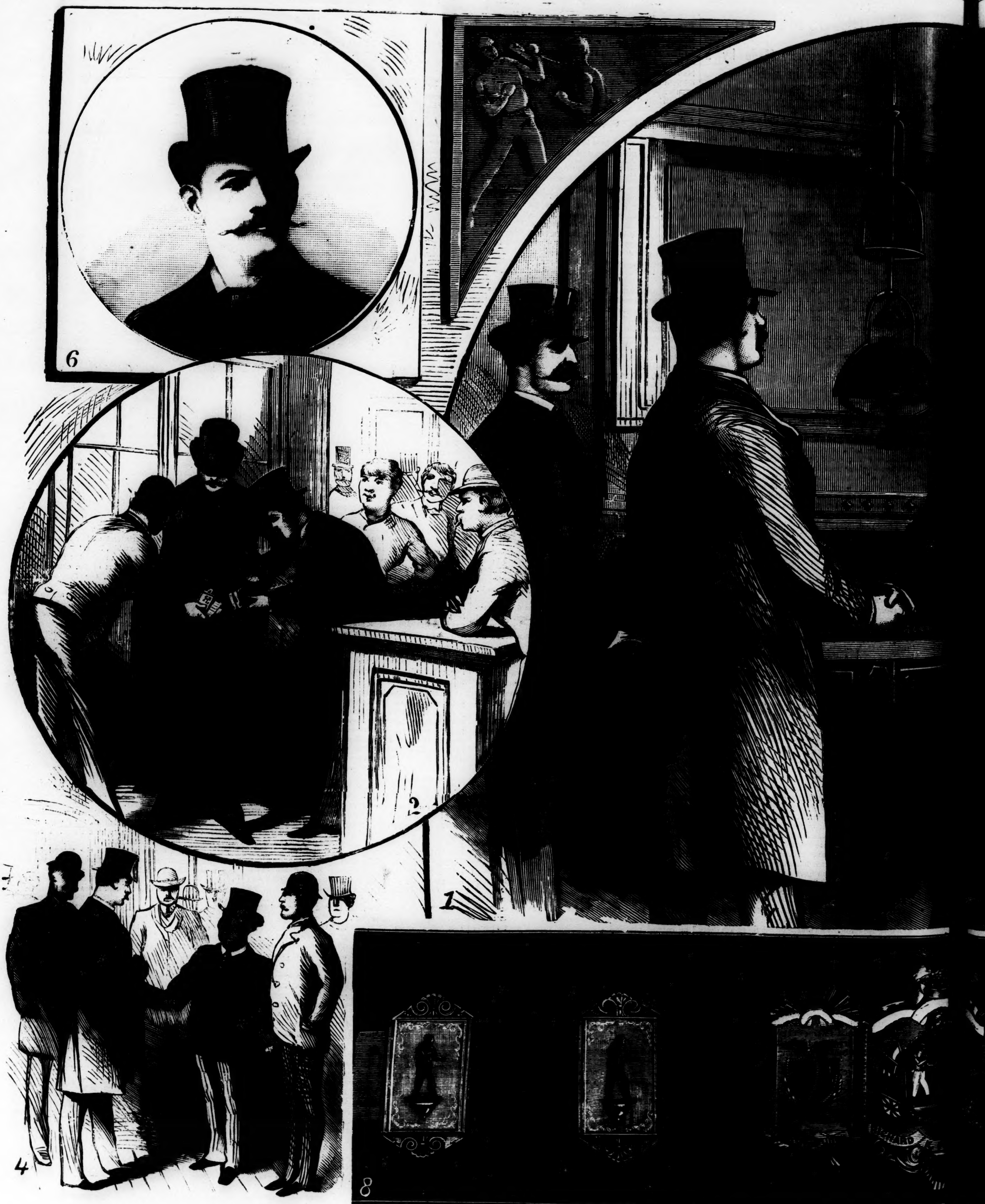
A series of 5-mile races, open to all who can show a record under 20 minutes, for a gold medal and \$150 to first, \$100 to second, \$75 to third and \$50 to fourth, are to take place in the Le Grand Roller Rink, Cleveland, Ohio, commencing April 21, best three in five.

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THE GIANTS M

HOW THE GREATEST LIVING EXPONENTS OF BOXING MET TO TERRA

I.--"Glad to See You, Mr. Ryan." II.--Trying on the Diamond Belt. III.--Signing the Contract in Jersey City. Looking v



TS MATCHED.

TO ARRANGE THEIR EXHIBITION FOR SCIENTIFIC POINTS ONLY.

...oking with the Jap. V.--The Hero's Welcome. VI.--John L. Sullivan. VII.--Paddy Ryan. VIII.--The Belt.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Charley Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, with his trainer, Al. Powers, left for San Francisco on April 14.

Jack Dempsey, the light-weight champion of America, arrived in San Francisco on April 12. Dempsey is to meet Tom Clary.

Chas. E. Davies, better known as the Parson, writes that he cannot at present arrange any glove contest between Johnny Fikes and Jack Dempsey.

At Monterey, Cal., on March 25, W. H. Horn and J. Martinez fought with small gloves, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Horn won after a short but desperate contest.

At Portland, Oregon, Charley Burner and Tom Turk have been matched to meet in the orthodox 24-foot ring, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500. The battle is to be fought at Portland, Oregon, on the 26th inst.

Billy Lynn, the well-known pugilist, is still in the hospital at Portland, Oregon. He desires to return thanks to Tom Turk, the pugilist, and Joseph Taylor for favors received while he has been confined in the hospital.

Joe Fowler will be tendered a benefit at Harry Hill's theatre on Thursday afternoon, April 23. Fowler will box 4 rounds, Queensberry rules. Fowler is the feather-weight champion, and one of the cleverest boxers that ever entered the ring.

At the Academy of Music, at Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 10, Malcolm W. Ford, the amateur champion jumper, in three standing jumps covered 34 feet 4 1/4 inches. It will not make a record because the stage on which the performance was made is not level.

At Butte City recently Duncan C. McDonald and P. McNally met to arrange a match for \$500 a side, but no match was arranged. McDonald agreed to meet McNally either according to London prize ring rules or Queensberry rules, with hard gloves, at Cour d'Alene, Idaho, where a mill can be successfully brought off, but McNally refused to arrange the match.

Billy Edwards is the manager of the charitable exhibition for the benefit of the widow of Joe Goss. He has engaged Madison Square Garden for April 24, and all the principal boxers will appear. One of the important events will be the meeting between Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish-American champion, and Prof. John Laffin. Some impostors have been raising subscriptions from numerous saloon-keepers, promising to leave them tickets. No tickets will be issued or sold until the night of the show, and those who subscribe for tickets will be gulled.

The "Times," several hours, of April 11, says: "John L. Sullivan spent several hours at Steele's this afternoon, and spoke of the coming fight with Paddy Ryan. 'You see,' he said, smilingly, as he raised a glass of ale to his lips, 'that I am beginning to train. One of the newspapers said that I began yesterday by drinking brandy and alcohol. That's nonsense. I haven't tasted a drop of brandy for six years. I shall go into training for the fight soon. After it is over I am willing to fight any man in the world, unless, of course, we get into trouble for the fight with Ryan. Richard K. Fox is to select the place, and I shall probably train near the place of meeting. I shall stay in town until to-morrow evening, and then I shall go to Boston.'"

Miles McNally, of Butte City, Montana, publishes the following challenge to a Western champion: "Learning that an impression prevails that I was unwilling to fight J. K. Fike, or Duncan McDonald, of Butte, I desire to dispel that thought by now challenging either of the two named gentlemen to a bare-knuckle fight, for from \$250 to \$500 a side. Being unlawful to fight in the Territory, I will meet either of the parties outside the limits of Montana; or if it can be arranged to fight within the Territory, I am willing to engage to that effect. Before coming to Montana, and even since I have repeatedly challenged Duncan McDonald, who has repeatedly refused to fight. Put up or shut up, gentlemen! Duncan McDonald, preferred. Man and money at Sportsman's Hall, corner Wyoming and Quarles streets, Butte."

The "Tribune," N. Y., April 10, says: "Wm. E. Harding, Richard K. Fox's representative, deposited with Harry Hill, yesterday, the \$2,500 for which John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan are expected to fight on June 16. Every precaution has been taken to evade the law against prize-fighting. In the articles of agreement the fight is described as a square stand-up exhibition, with small gloves, to a finish, according to the new rules of the London prize ring. As a further precaution against prosecution the articles were signed in Jersey City. Mr. Fox was not present when the arrangements were made nor when the money was deposited, and the receipt for the money was not taken in his name. It is a well-known fact that Mr. Fox donates the purse and the belt, but his friends say it would undoubtedly be hard, under the circumstances, to prove that he was instigating a prize fight."

"The coming gladiatorial struggle between John L. Sullivan, the Boston Hercules, and Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., for \$5,000 and the diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world, is now a fixture. There is not the least doubt but that the exhibition, or the meeting between the acknowledged champion and the ex-champion, will create a greater sensation in sporting circles than when they met on the banks of the Mississippi in February, 1882. It will be remembered that Sullivan conquered Ryan on that occasion after a hurricane battle, which lasted 11 minutes, and won the \$7,000 and the championship of the world. Since that battle, over three years ago, there has been rumors that the contest was not decided on its merits and many sporting men who lost small fortunes on the result claimed that Ryan should have won. On June 16 the mooted question will be decided, and Sullivan will no doubt prove, as he did at Mississippi City, that he is the champion pugilist of the world."—Daily News, New York.

The New York "Sun" on April 10, published the following: "Two thousand five hundred dollars in \$500 bills lay on a round table in Harry Hill's yesterday afternoon. W. E. Harding turned it over to Hill as the purse for the fight between Sullivan and Ryan in Montana on June 16. Hill paid back the \$500 posted with him on March 25 Sullivan's forfeit. 'Now, you understand,' said Harding, 'the \$2,500 is to be paid to either Sullivan or Ryan after the fight on June 16 at Butte City, or to the winner of the battle.' 'I understand,' said Harry. 'I will give this money to the winner, according to the decision of the referee. What about the belt?' 'The winner will get that after the exhibition,' said Harding. 'Mike Gleason says that anybody who thinks that Sullivan is not in good health should have seen him eat his dinner at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, last Wednesday. He demolished a large game porterhouse steak, four soft-boiled eggs, six slices of toast, a bottle of port wine, and a bottle of claret. Sullivan says he will go into training next week under the mentorship of Patsy Sheppard and John Hogan. Pat Sheedy and James Patterson will look after Ryan's interests, and John Hogan will train him. Sullivan and Ryan are to meet thirty days before the fight to arrange where the battle will take place. Ryan wants to have it at Butte City, and thinks it will be decided on the 'race-course. If he and Sullivan cannot come to an understanding Harding will name the battle-ground.'"

At the Standard theatre, Seattle, Washington Territory, recently, there was a glove contest under the management of J. W. Smith, of the Bijou theatre, between Billy Hall and Tommy Clancy, for \$100 a side. Hall agreeing to knock Clancy out in 6 rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules. The match created considerable speculation among their respective friends, Hall's supporters relying upon his superior science for victory, he having figured in several amateur exhibitions given by the Olympic Club, of San Francisco, of which club he was a member. Clancy has a local reputation as a sprinter and general athlete. Both men went into active training. Hall under the tutelage of Ed. Reynolds, who deserves great credit for the fine condition in which he brought his man to the scratch. Clancy worked under the instructions of Jimmy Clark and Dick Corvinton, both experienced trainers. Phil Hearn, of Roscoe & Hearn, of the Bijou theatre, was chosen referee, and Dick Pritchard, time keeper. There was considerable betting on the result and odds were laid that Hall could not knock Clancy out. The fighting during the first five rounds was desperate and Clancy punished Hall terribly although he was recovered general. In the sixth round the men came to the scratch cautiously, neither seemingly much the worse, Clancy the fresher of the

two. Some heavy exchanges took place when Clancy delivered a heavy right-hander which caused the blood to flow freely from Hall's mouth and nose, and changed the tide of battle in Clancy's favor. Hall hardly recovered from the effects of the blow, when the referee called time and declared Clancy the winner of the fight, as Hall had failed to knock him out.

On April 6, the "Enquirer" (Cincinnati) published the following: "Paddy Ryan was waiting for Sullivan at the Police Gazette office this afternoon. When the latter arrived there, sporting men of note were thick as blackberries, and each man had from one to a dozen suggestions. Sullivan listened to them all with patience, and then had the articles of agreement drawn up as he liked. He said he had had enough of law, and so the affair must be managed so as to preclude all danger of his being arrested or otherwise troubled with justice. Every precaution was taken to this end. The coming fight was mentioned in the articles as a fair stand-up exhibition with small gloves, according to the new rules of the London ring; the said exhibition to be for the sum of \$2,500, a subscribed purse, the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt and the championship of the world, the winner to receive in addition two-thirds of all excursion money, and the loser one-third. The fight will occur on the 16th of June at a place to be chosen by the principals or the donor of the diamond belt in case they should fail to agree on a location. Both men must appear in the ring between 6 and 10 A. M., and Harry Hill will hold the stakes until the winner is named. Sullivan was in splendid condition and sober as any judge could be, and his clear skin and appearance seemed to contradict the stories told about his heavy drinking. Paddy Ryan didn't look so much like a fighter as Sullivan did, but he looked very fine, too. His stylish black suit fit to perfection; his face was wreathed in smiles, and a big green emerald shone below his auburn mustache. No one seeing the two men together would ever have supposed they were going to fight. Whatever Ryan said Sullivan concurred in, and when Sullivan's cigar went out Ryan leaned over toward him and gave him a light from the cigar he held in his mouth. Sullivan looked his thanks, and said: 'After all, Paddy, it's just a matter of business. Where's the use of hard feeling?' 'There ain't any,' replied Paddy. 'And, Paddy,' said Sullivan, 'if I lick you I'll shake hands with you, and if you lick me I'll shake you the same.' Ryan said he would shake on the same principles. Both men said that they would have no difficulty in agreeing on a place to fight and each declared their willingness to fight anywhere, provided the inhabitants had plenty of money and the magistrates were not too severe. The fight will probably take place in Montana, near Butte City. Sullivan, when questioned in regard to the coming contest, said: 'What do I think about this fight? Well, I don't want to say what I can do, but I'll bet money that I'll win, and Paddy and myself will have an outside bet of \$2,500. When that's over I'm going over to the other side, and will stay there for a couple of years. May be, if I go over the water and lick everybody and then come back here, it will start things up again, and New York will be all right.' Sullivan weighed to-day 232 pounds and Ryan two pounds less. Ryan is the taller and Sullivan the better built man. They will fight at catch weight, and sporting men predict a rattling fight. Sullivan laughed when he was asked about fighting McCaffrey. 'I'll fight him anywhere,' he said, 'whenever I've got time. If he wants to come out when I fight Ryan, I'll give him a show, and fight him an hour after I'm through with the first fight, whether I lose or win. McCaffrey isn't near as good a man as Mitchell, and it's foolish for any man of sense to talk of his knocking me out, with a difference of sixty or seventy pounds between us.'"

The following is the complete special report of the glove contest between Mike Cleary, of New York, and Frank Crockett, at the Pavilion, San Francisco, on April 6. Crockett was at least 3 inches taller than Cleary and much heavier, he being 186 pounds and Cleary 162. Tom Barry and Pat Coyle performed the honors for the Californian, and Tom Walling for Tom Cleary had charge of Cleary. At 10:23 the two men, throwing off the coats which rested on their broad shoulders, advanced to shake hands. Cleary was calm and Crockett smiling. "Time," shouted Billy Jordan, who had been selected to act as referee, and the battle was fairly commenced.

Round 1.—Both men sparred for an opening, Crockett working his arms rapidly, and watching Cleary closely. The latter was also very anxious to begin hostilities. For some 10 seconds the play continued, when Cleary led with his left for Crockett's stomach. The latter stepped quickly back and the blow failed to reach with the force intended. The play for an opening was resumed, when suddenly Crockett let fly with his left for Cleary's ear, but was parried. The New Yorker tapped Crockett's ribs lightly. Again Cleary led for Crockett's wind, and again failed to do any damage. The frey at this point sent his right out to some force and planted his mitten under Cleary's ear. The latter shook his head, and a surprised look appeared on his countenance. He replied quickly, however, and some lively short-arm work was done by both men, and they clinched. Having broken, the men sparred, and Crockett led; in a moment Cleary sent his right toward Crockett's neck, and reached his mark. Crockett merely stepped back and sparred, showing no signs of having felt the blow. This aroused enthusiasm, and the yells were terrific. Some more short-arm work was done, Crockett fighting carefully and clinching to do short-arm work as well as to avoid Cleary's swinging blows. When it was fully realized that Cleary had failed to knock out the Californian in the first round, as was predicted, the applause was tremendous and the excitement ran high.

Round 2.—At the call of time for the second round both men responded quickly, and after a few seconds sparring some lively hitting was done on both sides. Cleary forced the fighting, making great efforts to reach Crockett's neck, but the latter dodged every blow by ducking his head, springing once or twice violently. By this time it had dawned upon the audience that Cleary had met a man more than his match in strength but lacking in science. Hopes were entertained that the hero would be able to get in a blow which would lay Cleary out. Crockett at this point caught the Eastern fighter's heavy blow in the mouth. "That's a good one," remarked Crockett. "You bet it is," replied Cleary, as he made a vicious dab at Crockett's wind. Some lively work followed, in the midst of which the time-keeper's voice was heard. Cleary spat out some blood as he took his seat, his upper lip having been cut by Crockett's blow.

Round 3.—The scene at this time was indescribable, the audience rising in their seats and acting like madmen, cheering Crockett. As the two men stepped forward for the third round Crockett was observed to be smiling and Cleary looked a trifle anxious. Again Cleary made for Crockett's wind, giving him more than a gonic tap. Sparring followed, when both men went to work and terrific blows were delivered on both sides. It was plain that Crockett had been trained to avoid Cleary's blow for the ear. Instead of retiring from it, he would close upon Cleary and endeavor to get the latter's head in a chancery. When the two came together Crockett would invariably give Cleary a terrific jab about the neck and hard blows about the ear. Several times during the round Crockett did this, and avoided the dreaded blow. A moment after one of these clinches had been broken by Jordan, Crockett's right flew out and caught Cleary a square blow on the back. The New Yorker staggered back, his hands fell, and if Crockett had followed him out the fight would have ended there in favor of the Western man. He leveled feeble, short-arm blows at Cleary, pushing him about at will when Cleary clinched. Until time was called Crockett had things entirely his own way, and could have knocked Cleary out with a heavy blow. It was plain, however, that he was afraid of the Eastern Wugger. In the minute between rounds Cleary recovered in a wonderful manner, and was quite fresh at the opening of the fourth round.

Round 4.—Crockett opened by knocking Cleary about for awhile, when the latter began to force the fighting. Cleary gave up all hope of catching Crockett under the ear and gave his entire attention to his stomach. Crockett retired, responding once in awhile with a vicious cut at Cleary's face. The round ended with both men winded.

Round 5.—The fifth and last round was not on a par with any of the preceding ones as regards the fighting. Cleary's only endeavor was to reach Crockett's wind, and the Californian did not know how to avoid the terrific blows. Cleary followed him up, receiving several vicious cuts in doing so, but at last planted his right on Crockett's ribs, following up with a swift left-hand blow at Crockett's stomach, catching the San Francisco boy a square blow. Crockett doubled up and his hands fell to his side. Cleary looked surprised, as Crockett, sinking on one knee, feebly murmured that he had enough. Billy Jordan waited 10 seconds before he awarded the fight to Cleary. Crockett vomited in his room, but looked anything but a sick man when he left the stand. The disappointment over Crockett losing the fight was great, as after the third round it was expected that he would knock out Cleary with ease.

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SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department should be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

George Hosmer has begun training on the Charles river, at Boston.

McCaffrey is anxious to find a backer to match him against Sullivan.

W. H. Shadley, who was ruled off by the Louisville Jockey Club in the fall of 1883, has been reinstated.

The boxing championships of the Island City Athletic Club will be fought for in New York on Monday, April 20.

Bill Thomas and Mike McDonald fought 8 rounds near Wilkesbarre, April 6, for love. Thomas was the winner.

George Hosmer thinks Teemer is the best oarsman in the world. He says he will "go broke" that the McCasport 1st can beat the Australian champion.

Courtney says there is not money enough offered in prizes at New Orleans to induce him to go there. A good many other scullers, for once, are inclined to his way of thinking.

Advices from Australia state that at Melbourne recently Messrs. Lebit and Wagner made 100 miles in 24 hours, stopping 11 hours. The ride was from Norwood to Lyndoch Valley, over the turnpike and return.

At Streator, Ill., on April 11, Tom Silvers, a pugilist of some notoriety, who broke the arm of Paddy Welch, a middle-weight of Chicago, in a glove fight some time ago, committed suicide by taking laudanum.

The Athletic Association of the University of Pennsylvania has engaged the services of Frank C. Dole to train the football team the coming season. Mr. Dole trained Princeton in 1882, Yale in 1883 and Wesleyan in 1884.

The Staten Island Gun Club has disbanded, and fourteen of its most prominent members have applied for admission to the Carleton Gun Club, of Bergen Point, N. J. Several of the Westminister Kennel Club members are practicing on the Carleton's ground for the coming Philadelphia Gun Club's meeting.

At Akron, Ohio, on April 11, Eugene Delacy, the colored sprinter, now holding the Cleveland Herald championship silver cup of Ohio, beat Thomas Kelley in a 5-mile foot-race for \$150 a side. Delacy won easily in 27:07 1/2, dogging Kelley within three feet of his heels for twenty-one out of twenty-five laps.

At Toronto articles of agreement have been signed between A. M. Polley, of Goderich, and John Forbes, of Woodstock, to trot Tom Ralph against Elsie Groll, mile heats, best three in five, for \$250 a side, at Brantford, Ont., on Tuesday, May 19, good day and track; if not, to trot on the next good day and track.

Billy Madden has engaged Turn Hall, Fourth street, for May 11 and 12, for a grand amateur boxing tournament. The competition will be for feather, light, middle and heavy weights. Entries should be at once sent to Billy Madden, Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirtieth street.

S. A. Tanner, of Richmond, Va., has at last matched his four-year-old Billy Verneette. She is to trot in June next, at Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, and engage to draw a wagon, best three in five, against J. S. Smith's J. C. S., in harness; also against Mr. Smith's Spider, same terms and conditions, in September next, each race being made for \$300 a side.

Near Newark, Del., on April 10, Jack O'Donnell, of Plainfield, N. J., and Tom McCullough, of Newark, N. J., are said to have fought for a purse. The affair was kept very quiet, and only about twenty spectators were present. After 7 rounds had been fought McCullough was declared the winner and the party dispersed. None of the particulars are obtainable.

Thomas Stevens left New York on the City of Chicago for Liverpool recently. On his arrival in England he will commence his proposed trip round the world on his bicycle. The wheeling distance will be about 10,000 miles. Stevens last year rode from San Francisco to Boston, about 3,500 miles. He is twenty-nine years old, a native of England, and unmarried.

The spring athletic sports of the University of Pennsylvania will be held at the new athletic ground, Thirty-sixth and Spruce streets, on Saturday, May 9. The games will consist of 100 yards dash, mile run, pole-vauling, hurdle-racing, bicycle-riding, mile walk and tug-of-war. On this occasion the new grounds, on which over \$7,000 has been expended, will be opened to the public.

At Arthur Chambers' Champions' Rest, Philadelphia, on April 10, the unfinished wrestling match of Monday, April 6, between J. Grady and W. Coupo, both of Philadelphia, was concluded. The two men wrestled for an hour and a half on April 6 without either gaining a fall. On Friday, however, Grady won two straight falls in 13 minutes and 24 minutes respectively. The stakes were \$50 and Joe Acton acted as referee.

The 800-point straight-rail billiard contest at St. Louis on April 9, between Cation and Maggoli, was won by the latter in six innings. Maggoli averaged 133 1/2, the highest average ever in this country, excepting one of 333 by Schaefer in a 1,000-point game. Cation made 387, averaging 64 1/2. Maggoli's highest runs were 356 and 420. He closed his fourth inning with 297 points. Cation made runs of 175 and 208.

The regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen is to be held at Hamilton, Ont., Laing, O'Connor and Enwright, three scullers that have been under the ban for alleged conduct inconsistent with the rules of amateur rowing associations, were exonerated, and they will probably row at the meeting. Notice of this action on the part of the Canadian Association was sent to the Committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen at New York.

Advices from England state that the latest betting for the Two Thousand Guineas in England is 7 to 1 against Child of the Mist, 10 to 1 each against Langwell and Luminary, and 11 to 1 against Xaltrallus. Paradox is still the favorite for the Two Thousand Guineas, with 3 to 1 taken. For the Derby Paradox and Thomas are both quoted at 7 to 1, with 11 to 1 offered against Luminary, 16 to 1 each against Child of the Mist and Sexton, and 18 to 1 against Royal Hampton. For the Oaks 2 to 1 has been accepted against Cora, 100 to 30 against Dame Agnes, and 100 to 15 against St. Helena.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. G. B. Bunnell, Sleepy Brett, F. C. Cline, Andy Colliany, Harry Dobson, James W. Fullbrook (2), Miss Edna Gray, H. C. Gordon, Geo. W. Hamilton (2), W. H. Hutchinsan, Tom Hall, Denis Hanley (2), H. M. Johnson, Geo. La Hutchinsan, Jenn Maco, Donald McCaffrey, G. J. Montgomery, John Mackay, Jeff Morris, Patsy Murphy, W. Price, Gus Lambert, Miss Annie Lewis, William Clacker, Duncan C. Ross, Chas. Roblee, Wm. Smith.

The "Sporting Life," Philadelphia, April 11, says: "Arrangements were made in New York last week for another meeting between Ryan and Sullivan for the championship of the world and the Richard K. Fox diamond belt. The agreement provides that the men shall fight with small gloves in a fair stand-up exhibition, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for the sum of \$2,500 and the diamond championship belt. The fight is to take place on June 16, in some place to be mutually agreed upon by the principals. Harry Hill is to be stakeholder. The referee is to be chosen on the ground. After the articles had been signed Ryan offered to bet Sullivan \$2,500 that he would win, a wager that Sullivan promptly accepted. As will be seen by the articles of agreement, the place will not be decided upon until a day or two before the fight, but it is thought that it will be within 100 miles of Butte City, Montana. There is one thing certain—it won't be in Philadelphia."

The following visitors called at this office the past week: John L. Sullivan, champion pugilist of the world; Paddy Ryan, ex-champion pugilist of America; Alex. McInosh, J. McLaughlin, John Curtis, Geo. F. Anderson, Charles Engel, Mark Maguire, Wm. Fox, Ed. Plummer, Jerry Dunn, Dan Murphy, John Dooley, Frank Stevenson, Gus Tuthill, Harry Mott, Andy Kelly; Peter Burke, San Francisco, California; Jim Mahr, Billy McCoy, Ingersoll Hawley, Al. Miller, Col. Vidvrad, Chicago, Ill.; G. D. Reynolds, Ed. Malahash, Charles Mitchell, Wm. Madden, J. O'Donnell, Alf. Powers, John Hofferbach, Young Wiley, John F.

Brown, Martin Dempsey, Mike Mooney, William Harden, John O'Hara, John T. Gorman, James Kelly, James Patterson, Frank T. Walton, Jr.; McEachin & Sabine, Manufacturers of the Benedict Billiard Table, Syracuse, N. Y.; Geo. E. Lloyd, Chicago, Ill.; Tom Henry, Michael Heumann, F. C. Beyer, J. H. Surridge, Dick Gorman, Comedian; John Heydinger, Geo. B. Raymond, Jim Felt; Benj. H. Benton, Brooklyn, E. D., Herald.

Charley Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, continues to be eagerly met some of the pugilists in the arena. On April 11 the following appeared in the Sun, which makes a specialty of printing charges to prize fights:

"If either Sullivan or Ryan should fall sick before the time set for their meeting, I will stand in readiness to take either's place, so that there can be a surety of a fight on the day named in their articles. I see McCaffrey says he is very fit, and is willing to fight Sullivan inside of twenty-four hours. Now, he knows very well John will not bother with him, so what is the use of his paper talk now? I will take him at the prescribed time, and fight him, prize ring rules or Queensberry rules, with hard gloves, for \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side, within any twenty-four hours he may name, and at any place where it can be fought to a finish, in a room or on the turf. He said he would fight me after he had had a match with Sullivan. Well, he has had a match with Sullivan now and it has fallen through, and he can't get on another with him, and if he means business he will make a match with me as soon as he likes. I stand ready to fight and put the money up on twenty-four hours' notice. C. MITCHELL, Champion of England."

Jack Welch, the well-known Birmingham pugilist, who fought Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, five hours in a room at Philadelphia, sends the following communication:

PHILADELPHIA, April 12, 1885.

To the Sporting Editor: In these times, when the very air seems impregnated with "championship fever," the talk (on paper) of the many champions, self-appointed, and the would-be champions in this city has done much to make genuine sportsmen ill. Some time ago Jack Burke paid deposit and offered to box me. When I took it up the thing went to the devil from that same old racket—"wanted to make different arrangements" and so on. Frank Herald played the same game, and offered me \$50 forfeit, but I declined it, desiring to make the match and box squarely the money put up. His excuse was he was missing, as usual. I mean business, and as your paper seems to be the most liberally patronized and the acknowledged leader of sporting matters in this city and vicinity, would find much pleasure if through its instrumentality I am offered the following to stop this queer talk and show to the public that I am a sporting man of the type who would do anything to further the interests of scientific sparring in other ways than on paper. I hereby challenge any of the so-called champions to box 4 rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, with small or large gloves, for \$2,500. Or will box John L. Sullivan 4 rounds, subject to above rules, minus the money, to prove that I mean business. JACK WELCH.

"Police Gazette" Sporting Palace, 1022 Ridge avenue, Phila., Pa.

The following explains itself: KENNEDY, N. H., April 10, 1885.

To the Sporting Editor: I read last week a published account in regard to the recent sparring match at Dartmouth College, between E. M. Craig and J. M. Harmon, which is manifestly unfair in some particulars. The facts are these. Harmon offered me \$25 to come to Hanover and give a public exhibition with him, proposing that I spar with him and allow him to win the contest simply and solely for the purpose of getting up a reputation for him at Dartmouth, and securing his pupils. Before the exhibition came off I accidentally discovered that Harmon had privately arranged that the contest should be for a gold medal and the championship of the State and had selected a referee to suit himself. Learning these circumstances I deemed it unsafe for my reputation as a boxer to spar 5 rounds with him, as an unjust decision was almost certain from his impartial (?) referee. I therefore sparring 3 rounds, getting decidedly the best of the set in each round, as was correctly reported in the New Hampshire papers, and at the end of the third round retired from the contest, not on account of a sprained ankle, for the lameness existed before I started for Hanover, but because of duplicity and double-dealing on the part of Harmon, and my conviction that the referee was bound to decide in his favor, whether defeated or not. As regards Harmon's sparring ability I have this to say, that he never was anything more than an average pugilist, and any reputation he may have gained has been acquired by some such unfair means as he attempted to make use of in the present contest. I shall be only too happy to meet Harmon or any other man in a sparring match for the championship of the State and a gold medal, stipulating only fair, honorable and square dealing from my opponent. E. M. CRAIG.

Champion middle-weight boxer of New Hampshire. Patsy Sheppard, John L. Sullivan's manager, returned to Boston disgusted because Sullivan was not allowed the opportunity to defeat McCaffrey. Sheppard did not hesitate to express his indignation about the treatment Sullivan and his friends had received in Philadelphia. "Why," said Mr. Sheppard, "they treated us meaner than I ever was treated before. After we got there they fooled around three days before they would sign the fight, and then we had to give them the earth. Money, money, nothing but money was the cry. Nothing satisfied them. It was not a question of how much they wanted, but how much they could get. Before we went, it was understood that 30 per cent. would fix things. That was to include everything. After we got there they wanted more. The authorities had to be fixed; everybody wanted something; finally 50 per cent. would not cover their demands. Then they wanted all the privileges about the hall. After all our trouble, time and loss of money, to have the show stopped and lose thousands of dollars—it was hard luck."

"Do you think the McCaffrey party had any hand in stopping the fight?" "My opinion is they did. Of course, I can't say how; but I think they were in some way responsible for it. I tell you, after all the work and worry we had, it was aggravating to have things turn out as they did. John was in splendid trim, and was down to 206 lbs. He worked hard and conscientiously, and attended right to business. He was straight as a die. We walked from 20 to 22 miles a day, and John did some of the hardest and best training he ever did. I understand that there has been talk made in Boston to the effect that we didn't want to fight, and that John wasn't all right. Now, there's not a word of truth in any such statements. Now, I want to fight! These croakers make me tired. Why, John will fight him anywhere—in a room, in a closet, anywhere. But hereafter he don't fight any of these fellows until the money is up. They haven't got any; all they want is to make it out of us. It's 5 per cent. for this, 10 per cent. for that and 25 per cent. for the other. If we went to New Orleans, I guess our share would be about 25 per cent. I saw Mitchell and Ryan at Ellersbeth, and they both wanted to fight for half receipts. I told Mitchell we would make no more matches without seeing the money. We have had all we want of this kind of 'Philadelphia' business. Why, Sullivan and I laid out over \$300 altogether there. Do you imagine we would have put it out if we didn't mean business?"

"Why didn't Sullivan come back with you?" "He had some matters to attend to and stayed over at the training quarters. He'll be back to-morrow night. He was in good condition when I left him, and I hope and believe he will come home the same way, though I wouldn't blame him much if he did get a little after such hard, honest work, which turned out to be all for nothing. Those fellows in Philadelphia are—"

Here Sheppard's indignation was too much for him, and his face expressed the disgust he felt. "What do you think of McCaffrey?"

The mention of McCaffrey's name had the same effect on the trainer of Boston's champion as a red rag is supposed to have on a mad bull, with this difference—Mr. Sheppard was neither violent nor vicious, but he couldn't find words enough to express his extreme contempt for the would-be late antagonist of John L. After a number of allusions not at all complimentary to McCaffrey's integrity and manliness, he closed by saying:

"He's a dirty loafer. All he wants is money, and you can put that in the paper and say I, Patsy Sheppard, said it. During our stay in Philadelphia John had to hide about half the time. We had people following us wherever we went, who made themselves a nuisance. If the U. S. had been allowed to proceed we would have made a big pile out of it."

Mr. Sheppard concluded the interview by saying that in Philadelphia they had ever ybody against them, and that the McCaffrey party had the papers down on Sullivan from the start, and that the Philadelphia press did nothing but heap abuse on him and his backer.

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THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I understand John Curtis is eager to match a 28-pound cannie against Dan Kane's (of Cincinnati) Paddy.

Curtis has posted a forfeit of \$250, and I am certain a match will be arranged.

The cooking main between New York and New Jersey, fought on April 7, in the clam-catcher's State, was one of the most interesting tussles ever fought.

The New Jersey fowls only lost by not having been in condition. If they had been properly trained they would have won.

The stakes were \$50 each battle and \$500 the odd fight. Thirteen battles were fought, and at the conclusion of the affair the score was 8 to 2.

Short-distance professional sprint races are not as frequent or as popular as they were during the past two decades.

I think this is owing to the many fraudulent races that have been run, and from the fact that nearly every sprinter after he is matched to run for a large stake does not try to win, or enters in collusion with his opponent or his backer.

By the way, I understand a great race is to be run at Chester Park, Cincinnati, on April 30, between George H. Smith, of Pittsburg, Penn., and H. M. Johnson, of New York.

I have been informed by a correspondent that the distance is 125 yards, and the stakes \$1,000 a side.

Both are fast sprinters, and probably two of the fastest in the world, but whether the race is a genuine one, or whether the amount is quoted in print to lend importance to the affair, I cannot say.

Perhaps the \$1,000 a side is up, or it may not be. However, this is of little importance if both pedestrians are going to run on their merits.

If the race is arranged for to trap the betting men and capture the pool-bet, the safest way to speculate is to back neither.

The Canadian Baseball Club have abandoned their proposed tour through the country.

It is probably just as well, for unless the Canadian players were able to defeat our crack clubs they would fail to draw large crowds, and their visit would, financially, have been a failure.

Sporting men in Florida are surprised at the great pace John S. Prince, the champion bicycle-rider, makes on his bicycle.

Prince has covered a mile in 1 minute 39 seconds, and if he repeats that performance in that State the natives will be doubly surprised.

The announcement that Richard K. Fox had decided to offer a purse of \$5,000 for a grand international single-scull race for the championship of the world, has created quite a sensation in betting circles on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is more than likely that every oarsman in England, Australia and this country will enter for the first prize, \$5,000, which amount is large enough to induce all the oarsmen of both hemispheres to compete.

One important fact in reference to the proposed race is that every oarsman is well aware they will receive the large money prizes offered, and the \$5,000 will be deposited in the National Park Bank, to be paid by the president to the winners, according to the decision of the referee.

Beach has no one to conquer in Australia, and he is anxious to visit this country. Richard K. Fox agrees to pay him \$500 if he will enter and compete in the race, and with such an inducement there is every probability that he will invade the United States and measure spruces with the numerous English, American and Canadian oarsmen.

The race will be managed by James Pilkington, a prominent promoter of rowing, and, with his practical experience, I am sure the race will be one of the most important and interesting that ever occurred in this or any other country.

On a recent visit to Philadelphia I met Peter Duryea, the popular turfman and promoter of several successful 6-day go-as-you-please races.

Duryea appeared to be very much surprised over Edward Hanlan's unlooked-for defeat. During the conversation with Duryea, in the Continental Hotel, he said: "There must have been something wrong with Hanlan. He agreed to send me a cable if he thought he could win the race and was in condition. I received no cable, and came to the conclusion something was amiss."

Further, he said: "It is my opinion the zigzag course had a great deal to do with Hanlan's defeat. I am ready to back Hanlan to row Beach a 4 or 5-mile race for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side, the race to be rowed on any course in America, and I will allow Beach \$500 for expenses."

Again, in reference to the proposed 6-day races, Duryea said there would be a 6-day race in Madison Square Garden in October, and he intended to make it a success.

In regard to the 6-day roller-skating race, booked to take place at Madison Square Garden next May, under the management of Peter Duryea, the latter says he never signed any agreement for such a contest, and that he never gave any one a sanction to use his name as a manager of a roller-skating match.

I understand that the sporting men who purchased tickets to witness John L. Sullivan and Dominick McCaffrey box at Philadelphia on April 2, only received a part of their money in return for the tickets.

The managers scooped or scalped fifty cents from each ticket instead of refunding all the money received.

All parties who purchased tickets from Arthur Chambers received their money intact without fifty per cent. being retained.

Sullivan states he had nothing to do with the affair, and if he had the full management of the affair he would have returned dollar for dollar.

Any person who paid \$3 for a ticket should have received his money back again on producing the ticket.

At the time Herbert A. Blase and Jim Mac were to have boxed thousands of tickets were sold at \$1 and \$2 each. The exhibition was stopped, but every one who purchased a ticket and presented it for redemption within a specified time received his money back.

It would have been only just and fair if the manager or managers of the McCaffrey and Sullivan exhibition had done the same.

Jimmy Patterson was in his glory when he witnessed the preliminaries for the match arranged between Sullivan and Ryan.

"I wish that McCaffrey or some of these fellows would fight Fryer," said Arthur Chambers, "I've got a thousand dollars or two to bet Fryer can beat any of them, barring Sullivan."

I have been informed Arthur Chambers will be one of John L. Sullivan's seconds, and Paddy Sheppard will be the other. Chambers and Sheppard seconded Tom Allen when the latter nearly murdered Mike McCool at Chateau Island, twelve years ago.

Manning has finally accepted the terms offered by the Philadelphia Club and signed for the coming season. Farrar is the only reserved player not signed.

The clubs of the Connecticut State League will play four games a week, the visiting club getting a \$40 guarantee.

Richard Burns, of last year's Connecticut Unions, has signed a contract to play in Milwaukee the coming season.

Radbourne is kicking about the new rule imposed on pitchers—to keep both feet on the ground when delivering the ball.

Walter F. Prince, of last year's Detroit League team, and the Nationals, will be captain of the Haverhill Club this year.

Springfield, Mass., is on deck with the baseball fever. An organization was perfected recently with a capital stock of \$1,250.

A new Canadian League is to be formed with clubs in Hamilton, Toronto, London, Guelph and Woodstock.

W. H. Thomas, of New London, Conn., captain of last year's Williamites, will play with the Meriden this season.

New Haven has made formal application for admission into the Southern New England Baseball League. It is said that \$1,000 has already been subscribed for the support of the League.

Morton, the left-handed college pitcher, who played two games with Philadelphia last season, is looking for an engagement.

The Arctic Club has made arrangements to play all its games this season at Oak Point. The games that have so far been arranged are as follows: April 5, Arctic vs. Olympic; April 12, Arctic vs. Monitor; April 19, Arctic vs. Spartan; April 26, Arctic vs. Jersey City Exhibition Club; and May 3, Arctic vs. Jersey Blues, champions of the Hudson County League.

President McKnight, of the American Association, has protested the reinstatement of Boyle by the Eastern League.

It appears Alf Greenfield, the pugilist, not being able to conquer John L. Sullivan at Boston, has made an attempt to make the English sporting press believe he did not receive fair play. He engaged a scribbler on an obscure sheet in Boston to send a long letter to Pondragon, and about this epistle I clip the following from the *Referee*:

"I have received a note from Holke, who describes himself as a sporting journalist, and who writes from Boston, which, if only half the statements in it are true, puts an entirely new complexion on the recent glove encounter between Sullivan and Greenfield.

"We cannot very much grumble at the press of Boston and New York for expressing their belief that Sullivan was the winner. Even Holke himself is tinged with the same peculiarity. Although I fancy he has a decided grievance, I am not inclined to go all the way with him; but shall rest satisfied with the belief that Sullivan took by no means such liberties with his opponent as was at first supposed and stated by the alleged journalist.

"Holke insists, as an eye-witness, that Greenfield is the only man who ever stood 4 rounds with Sullivan. But, my dear sir, according to your own showing, there is all the difference between Sullivan drunk and Sullivan sober: I must admit in fairness that, under the handling of Holke, Greenfield comes out very well indeed, if not handsomely. 'Tug Wilson' crawled on the stage twenty-seven times. Mitchell made it a go-as-you-please, while Slade did nothing but hug Sullivan, and Sullivan in his first contest with Greenfield in New York, had the Birmingham man fought to a standstill.

"Holke sets out by stating that he writes to me at the request and in the interest of Alf Greenfield, who is smarting under the injustice he has received since his arrival in the United States. Sullivan, it is said—and this I should think is likely enough—selected his own referee and time-keeper; also he insisted on using gloves provided by himself.

"Sullivan is also described as coming to the building drunk; but he was sobered up before he stepped upon the stage. This is a weak part of the story. Any means of making a drunken man sober at short notice, and especially sober enough for twelve minutes' hard punching, would confer not only wealth but immortality upon its inventor. From what follows, however, it would seem as though Sullivan was not made altogether as sober as he might have been.

"Holke also states that Sullivan's manager, Police Capt. Trombley, notified Nobby Clark that, in case Greenfield attempted to go hard at Sullivan, he would be placed under arrest.

"It is understood that 'this threat restricted Greenfield somewhat, and he acted on the defensive, displaying good science and generalship.' Nothing more natural; yet are we also told in the sentence which follows that Greenfield fought in a manly and straightforward fashion, and fully held his own. 'At the end of the fourth round every impartial person in the hall expected to hear the referee announce it a draw, but they were sadly disappointed.'"

A correspondent at the Hub furnishes me with the facts of the recent boxing humbug, in which about 200 paid \$2 per head at the Hub Athletic club-room to witness two glove fights which never came off.

One contest was to be between Matt Cunningham, of Lowell, and Jack Leonard, of South Boston, while the other was to be between Paddy Sullivan, of Lowell, and a soldier (unknown) in the service of Uncle Sam. From 8 o'clock until after 9 o'clock the spectators waited patiently, but although all the sparring billed were on hand, no one appeared to manage the show.

Later, Cunningham, accompanied by Leonard, both in street attire, entered the ring and announced that they had been promised \$75 to spar scientifically six rounds, but as the manager was not forthcoming, and no one connected with the show originally seemed to be on hand, they declined to go on. The crowd left, and demanded their money, when it was learned that the managers of the show had collected the money and departed.

It was a well-worked scheme, and the concoctors made quite a stake, and left to witness the Sullivan and McCaffrey boxing match at Philadelphia, leaving their victims to mourn the loss of their \$2.

Pondragon says: "As I have often enough had occasion to insist, there is no dependence whatever to be placed in the awards of American referees, so far as competitions for points go. Either they are chosen because of their absolute ignorance of boxing, or they are no end dishonest."

Now it is my opinion Pondragon must labor under the impression that no one but a man born in Albion could fill that position.

There are just as competent persons in America to fill the position of referee as there are in England—and there are just as many persons who frequently fill that position in England as incompetent.

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

M. M., Brooklyn, N.Y.—No.
S. Alliance, Ohio.—Yes.
H. K., Chicago, Ill.—Yes.
H. M., Bordentown, N.J.—No.
J. H. M., Troy, N.Y.—No.
C. E. D., Chicago.—Thanks.
B. J. E., Kingston, Ont.—No.
C. C. B., Lexington, Ky.—No.
M. W. D., Louisville, Ky.—No.
J. H. M., Sanborn.—High wins.
Rawson.—1. No. 2. No. 3. No.
O. C. S., Allerton, Ia.—A bet first.
C. M., Pittsford, Pa.—1. Yes. 2. No.
C. M. and G. D., Philadelphia.—A win.
L. B., Laramie City, Wyoming.—Geoph.
J. F. B., Fitchburg, Mass.—C goes out first.
M. P. S., Palmer, Mass.—About 100 pounds.
J. M., Monterey, Cal.—Thanks for particulars.
P. N., Sedan, Kan.—The speech is out of print.
J. P. T., Seattle, W. T.—Thanks for information.
S. M., De Soto.—Have not space for the portrait.
J. W. B., Boston.—The party that out Jack wins.
A. D. E., Birmingham, Iowa.—Have not the date.
H. M. K., Kansas City.—The date fixed is June 16.
P. S., San City, Cal.—Yes. If it is your turn to play.
W. W., Dear Lodge, N. Y.—Yes, the time is correct.
W. W. C., Canton.—There is no such book published.
C. F., Providence.—Both are correct; the bet is a draw.
S. T. T., Ashland, Ohio.—Downer, of Elmira, N. Y.
W. M., Newburgh, N. Y.—Edward Hansen holds that title.
D. D., Des Moines, Iowa.—Thanks for reports furnished.
M. E., Cleveland, Ohio.—Return both parties their money.
F. F. H., Idarod, Pa.—We have not the athlete's address.
D. P., St. Paul, Minn.—It is reported he committed suicide.
S. L. W., Bunkin, Wyoming.—The party tending Jack wins.
H. S., Cincinnati.—King Cole won the Cambridgehire in 1883.
H. W. P., West Troy, N. Y.—1. The Empire City. 2. Buffalo.
F. S., Newark, N. J.—Send 25 cents and we will send the rules.
M. M., Milwaukee.—The referee's decision in all contests are final.

D. M., Chicago, Ill.—Write to John Wood, 230, Bowery, New York.

W. J., Holyoke, Mass.—Blair Athol won the Grand Prix de Paris in 1884.

T. B. D., Du Bois, Pa.—Send for the "Life of John L. Sullivan."

J. S., New Haven, Conn.—The Lamb won the Grand National in 1880.

A. S., East Liverpool, Ohio.—Send 20 cents and we will forward the rules.

W. E., Tuckahoe.—The pugilist you name was born in Brooklyn, N. Y.

H. E. J., Akron, Ohio.—Send \$1 and we will furnish the book and rules.

A. M. O.—Must send name and address to our advertising department.

J. F. Z., Topeka, Kan.—The Metropolitan Fire Department of New York.

J. V. Downer, Charlestown, Mass.—Write to Pat Rosney, care of this office.

E. E. W., Waynesboro, Pa.—Send \$1 and we will send you the book of rules.

D. B., Boston, Mass.—1. Yes. 2. Goldsmith Maid was a fair and square trotter.

T. P. McN., Luzerne County, Pa.—The man that breathed the tape first was.

L. S., St. Paul, Minn.—Balls are frequently wedged in the pocket of a pool-table.

D. J., Rochester, N. Y.—Gold was first discovered in California on March 10, 1847.

A. S., New York.—Have not a sketch of the female boxer you name.

J. H. L., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—1. We do not answer correspondents by mail. 2. Yes.

J. P. L., Lead City, Dak.—Write to Peck & Snyder, 120 Nassau street, New York.

C. S. B., Oak Street Police Station, N. Y.—B wins by A falling to produce his man.

E. M., Bordentown, N. J.—Tug Wilson's battle with Alf Greenfield ended in a draw.

C. G.—1. It was Joe Goss and not Jim Mac. 2. Paddy Ryan never fought Jim Mac.

G. R. C., Long Bottom, Ohio.—Send on a forfeit and we will publish your challenge.

CONSTANT READER, Montreal.—Write a letter and forward to this office and it will reach him.

M. K., Catamount, Cal.—He was champion of America, but never champion of the world.

S. M., Leavenworth.—Tug Wilson and John L. Sullivan fought with ordinary boxing gloves.

S. C. P., Troy, N. Y.—John Younger defeated Edward Hansen in the regatta at Fall River, Mass.

J. J. B., Locust Gap, Pa.—S. J. Tilden's address is Greystone, on the Hudson river, New York.

M. S., Germantown, Pa.—1. Yes, in 1883. Blair Athol was sold for 12,500 guineas in 1872. 2. No.

W. E. T., Richfield Springs, N. Y.—In playing manche pedro the party playing low is entitled to it.

P. P., New Haven, Conn.—Send for the "Champions of the American and English Prize Ring."

N. B.—John Fitzgerald would like to hear from Con. Fitzgerald, the pugilist, or to procure his address.

J. F., New Orleans, La.—The time would be fast for walking, but it is below the standard at running.

L. S., Grand Forks, Dak.—Impossible to publish rules. Send \$2.50 and we will send you book of rules.

J. R. M., Birmingham, Ala.—Write to Harry Jennings, care of this office. He can furnish you with one.

C. B., Mount Pleasant, Ga.—1. On the opening day. 2. Both pugilists were born in Birmingham, Eng.

J. T., Brooklyn.—Mike Cleary and Charley Mitchell only met once in a glove contest, and Mitchell won.

R. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Write to Tony Pastor; we do not keep the ring of caricatures.

H. M. K., Kansas, N. Y.—Write to Harry Jennings, care of this office, or to Dan Foster; both will supply you.

G. V., Chicago, Ill.—No; the British government cannot claim a deserter if he is a citizen of the United States.

S. R., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Daniel O'Leary was born at Clonkelly, Ireland, June 29, 1846. 2. He stands 5 feet 7 1/4 inches and weighs 160 pounds.

A. S., Kaughville, Ind.—The fastest running time for 1 mile is 4 minutes 16 1/2 seconds, made by Wm. Cummings, at Preston, Eng., May 14, 1881.

D. N. G., Austin, Texas.—1. Tim Heenan, brother to John C. Heenan, was shot at Philadelphia on June 11, 1883. 2. He died on June 14, 1883.

C. M., Richmond, Va.—John Scannell fatally shot Thomas Donahue, in the pool-room corner Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, Nov. 2, 1872.

D. E., Syracuse, N. Y.—Jim Fisk was shot and killed Saturday, Jan. 6, 1872. His assailant was sentenced to and served four years in Sing Sing prison.

W. M., Coenties Slip, New York City.—H. Pennock has elevated a 16-pound dumb-bell 9431 times in 4 hours 34 minutes, at New York on Dec. 13, 1870.

D. S., Boston.—Monstrous city from extreme boundary on Back River road to banks of St. Lawrence is about 2 1/4 miles. Population at last census was 127,000.

A. C., St. Louis, Mo.—Wallack's first theatre, on Broadway, two doors below Broome street, was opened Dec. 23, 1850. It was then called Brumham's Lyceum.

W. J. Y., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—1. No. 2. Sullivan and McCaffrey boxed at Tom Donny's benefit, at Boston, in August, 1884. It was only supposed to be a friendly set-to.

A. W., Philadelphia.—1. Captain McGowan trotted 20 miles in harness at Boston, Oct. 31, 1883, covering the distance in 58 minutes 25 seconds. 2. It was Little Mac.

J. S. W., Brooklyn.—John C. Heenan was born at West Troy, N. Y. He fought John Morrissey, Tom Sayers and Tom King, but never won stakes in a prize ring encounter.

ROSE, BALLAMONT, Grape Creek, Ill.—Your complaint about sending Warren Mfg. Co. cash and receiving no gun to hand. We will place the complaint before the post-office authorities.

G. B., Chicago, Ill.—Hansen defeated Wm. Elliott, of Peggewood, Eng., in a race for 2500 a side and the second champion of England challenge cup, June 14, 1873, making the fastest time ever rowed over the Tyne course, 31 minutes 1 second.

O. C., Burlington, Vt.—1. Teddy McAuliffe, the Butcher Boy, and Johnny McCabe fought at Westchester, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1881. McAuliffe won in 130 rounds, lasting 2 hours 25 minutes. 2. Billy Kelly and Teddy McAuliffe fought a draw at Jamaica, L. I., Aug. 28, 1883.

P. D., Chicago, Ill.—1. Daniel McFarlane shot and killed Albert D. Richardson at the Tribune office, Nov. 24, 1883, at 4:45 P. M. 2. He died Dec. 2, 1883. Richardson was married to Abbey Sage McFarlane on Nov. 20, 1882, five days after the shooting. 4. McFarlane was acquitted.

J. D., Chester, Pa.—1. Duncan C. Ro's has elevated the 150-pound club 13 times; Matsuda Sorachi, 11 times; Capt. J. C. Daly, 10 times. 2. Six feet two and three-quarter inches. 3. Forty-eight feet eight inches. 4. Send 25 cents and we will send you book containing records.

L. M., Peoria, Ill.—1. It was in December of 1880 that Sullivan was matched to fight John Donaldson, with hard gloves, for a purse, in Cincinnati, Ohio. 2. The fight was a one-sided affair. Donaldson was no match for Sullivan. 3. The Boston champion knocked Donaldson all to pieces in 11 rounds.

R. W., Louisville, Ky.—1. It was G. Stevens that rode home the winner of the Grand National steeplechase five times. 2. He did not win it five times in succession. 3. In 1858 he won it with Free Trader, in 1863 with Emblem, in 1864 he won with Emblematic, in 1869 with the Colonel, and in 1870 with the Colonel.

M. E., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. Jim Mac did make a most ignominious retreat, or, in other words, bolted, from Mike Madden on the morning they were to fight. 2. We have heard Mac make the remark that he did this to get square with Bill Richardson and the Blue Anchor crowd for some dirty trick they had served him.

J. M., Baiton Spa, N. Y.—The fastest time made by a steamer from New York to New Orleans was made by the Louisiana. On March 7, 1885, at 4:45 P. M., she left New York, passing Sandy Hook at 8:30, and arrived at New Orleans, La., on March 13, 1885, at 2 P. M. She made the trip from where to where in 5 days, 9 hours and 15 minutes, and from New York to New Orleans in 5 days, 9 hours and 15 minutes, and from New York to New Orleans in 5 days, 9 hours and 15 minutes. This is faster than the former rapid passage of this steamer, and is the quickest ever made between New York and New Orleans.

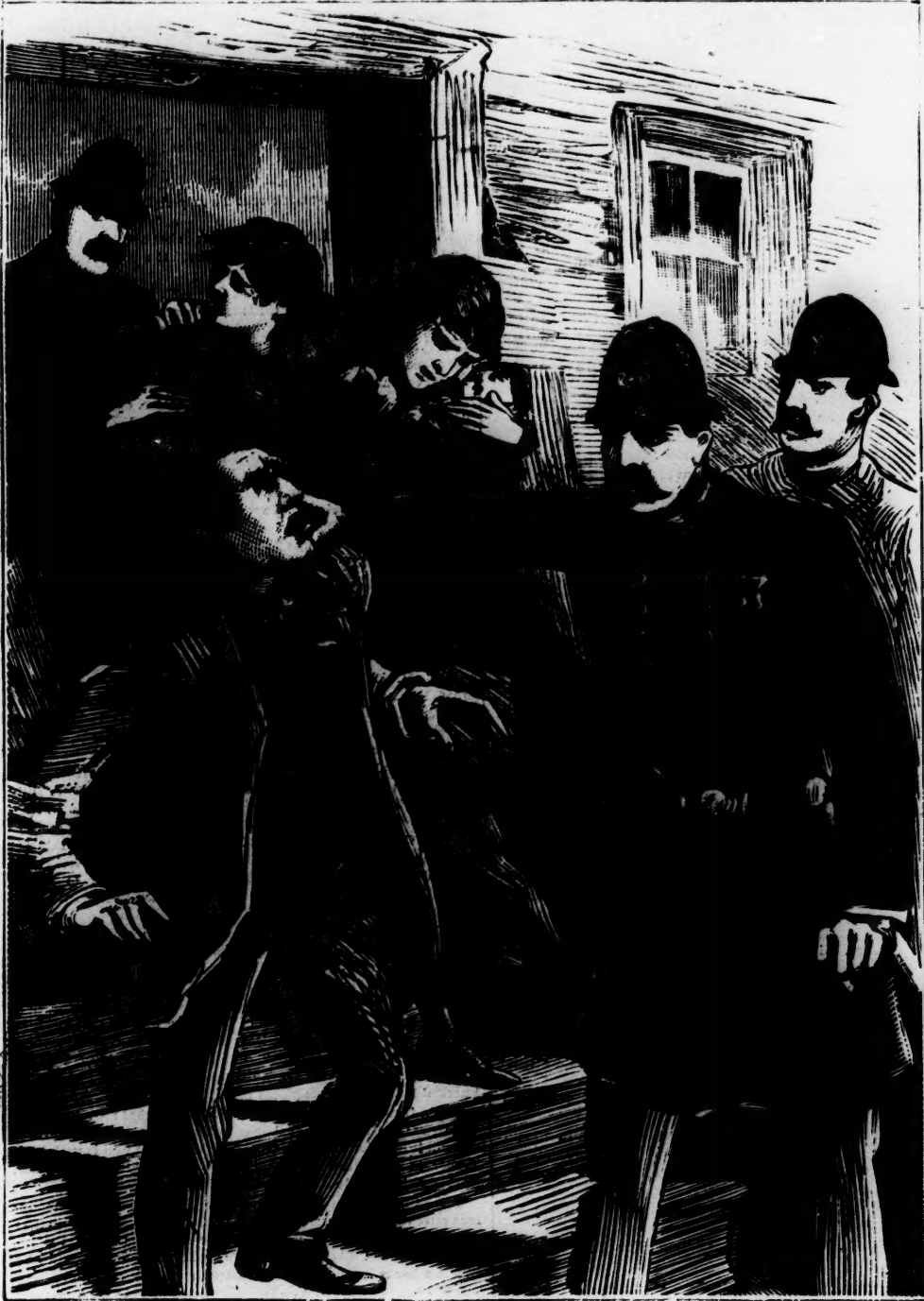
D. D., Chicago, Ill.—1. Tom Allen did not fight Mike McCool before he fought Wm. Davis. 2. Allen's first battle in America was with Bill Davis, at Chateaux Island, St. Louis, Jan. 13, 1880. 3. Allen won in 46 rounds. Charley Gallagher then challenged Allen, and the pugilists fought on Feb. 25, 1880, at Carroll Island. The battle terminated in Gallagher's favor through a tremendous blow on the jugular vein, which laid Allen senseless after they had been at it but 3 minutes and had contested 7 rounds. 4. Allen and Gallagher fought again, at Foster Island, Aug. 17, 1880. Allen won the fight and whipped Gallagher in 11 rounds, lasting 25 minutes, but the crowd interfered, and the referee declared Gallagher the winner, and Allen was robbed of a well-earned victory.

S. E., Trenton, N. J.—1. Heenan fairly and squarely beat Tom Sayers, but the referee ran away on the appearance of the police and subsequently decided the fight a draw without having witnessed the end of it. 2. The police did not stop the fight, being unable to do so; they quietly looked on and watched the fight fought out to a close. 3. The battle terminated by Sayers being pulled through the ropes out of the ring in an insupportable condition, and in Heenan knocking down Sayers' seconds for not throwing up the sponge. Finally, while Sayers was being carried as lifeless as a bag of meal, Heenan was proclaiming himself champion of the world. The last act of Heenan's was to bound over the ropes by placing one hand on one of the stakes and then running to the railway at a race-horse pace. This is the way the great battle terminated which John Bull called a draw.

J. S. W., Worcester, Mass.—1. William, alias, Nobby, Clark was born in Kidderminster, Eng., in 1840, and is forty-five years of age. 2. He stands 5 feet and his fighting weight was 100 pounds. 3. He first arrived in this country in 1853. His first appearance in the prize ring was May 26, 1859, when he whipped Jimmie Elliott (doomed) in 1 hour, an off-hand scrap for a purse of \$50. In this battle Clark scored 48 pounds less than his opponent. On Dec. 3, 1860, near the same place, he defeated Danny Harrigan, after battling 3 hours and 15 minutes, for \$300. He was next matched to fight Johnny Keating at 106 pounds, for \$1,000 a side and the feather-weight championship. July 26, 1865, near Cincinnati, O., but Keating scored over the stipulated weight, and, in order to save the gate money, placed himself under arrest. He was placed under bonds to keep the peace, and was released. Nobby subsequently offered to battle him at catch weight, which proposal was rejected. Nobby was next matched to meet George Seddons; but Nobby claims that Dan Noble, Seddons' backer, refused to back Seddons against him. In 1867 Nobby sailed for England, taking up his residence in Birmingham. Since his sojourn there he has been victorious in several turn-up battles. He came to this country last November in company with Alf Greenfield. On Jan. 23, at Boston, Mass., he defeated Ted Timony in two rounds, in a glove contest for a purse of \$125, contributed by leading sporting men.

M. H., Baltimore, Md.—Jim Carney was born in Colleshill street, Birmingham, in 1856, stands 5 feet 4 1/4 in in height and weighs 122 lbs in condition. Carney's first appearance in the prize ring was with Paddy Giblin, of Birmingham, who was at that time capable of holding his own against any of his weight in the Midlands. They fought at catch-weight for \$25 a side in the Birmingham district. Carney obtaining an easy victory in 20m. He next met and defeated Peter Afer, of Birmingham, for \$100. The battle also took place in the Birmingham district, and lasted 45m. Paddy Lee, of Birmingham, next took Carney on, and they fought a desperate battle at Shirley, near Birmingham, for \$100, and Carney was declared the winner of a capital fight, which lasted 1h 45m. Pat Downy, of London, was Carney's next opponent, and the stakes at issue were \$250. The fight took place at Purfleet, and after the men had been in the ring 35m, Carney was hailed the victor. Carney's friends after this battle expressed their willingness also to pit him against any light weight in the world, and 1 Punch Callow accepted the challenge. The pair fought down the river for a purse of \$250, and the affair ended in a draw after the men had been in the ring 2h 15m, but in this contest Carney was seized with a cold chill, which greatly interfered with his chances. Carney then met the late Jim Highland, for \$250, and the contest took place near Colleshill, but this also ended in a draw, owing to the police interference, when 3 to 1 was freely offered on Carney. Carney's last appearance was with Jacob Hines, of London. They fought for \$500, and at the beginning of the battle 2 to 1 was laid on Carney. This contest lasted 1h 45m, Carney securing the verdict after a rattling fight.

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.



UNHOLY NEIGHBORS.

THE MONKS OF THE HOBOKEN MONASTERY CAUSE A RAID TO BE MADE ON A NEST OF THIEVES AND PROSTITUTES.



A BAD MONKEY.

HE HOOKS LITTLE JENNY M'CABE'S PENNY AND IS DULY ARRESTED AND TRIED FOR HIS FELONY.

A New Dodge.

The police are just "on" to the latest device in dexterous robbery introduced by a French dentist. The "doctor" is a very clever operator and a very fascinating man. He "works his racket" in the upper circles. Whenever a "swell" customer comes to him he puts her under ether and his confederate temporarily relieves her of her jewelry. Each article is rapidly photographed in the adjoining room and

then restored. Next time the victim comes she is again etherized and the bracelets, ring, earrings, etc., once more removed. But this time they are replaced by worthless paste and rolled gold trinkets, made after the photographic patterns. The Frenchman has gone West and the detectives seem to have lost sight of him.

THE "Rebel yell" at present, so far as can be made out from the careful perusal of an extended exchange list, is "Hurrah for Grant!"



A NEW DODGE.

HOW A LARCENOUS FRENCH DENTIST MANAGES TO ROB HIS SWELL FEMALE PATIENTS.



GEORGE C. BROTHERTON,

THE PROMINENT AND DESERVEDLY RESPECTED LEADER OF THE SPORTING WORLD IN PHILADELPHIA.



A WISE HORSE.

HE DISAPPROVED OF A DULL PLAY AND GAVE IT ACTION BY TUMBLING HEAD FOREMOST INTO THE BASS DRUM.

A Wise Horse.

During a recent performance of "Michael Strogoff" in Boston, a horse, ridden by one of the principal performers, evinced his disgust and dissatisfaction by backing over the foot-

lights until he arrived in the bowels of the basement. The drummer escaped.

George C. Brotherton.

The excellent likeness we publish of George C. Brotherton represents the biggest-hearted,

largest-handed and most adventurous and influential sporting man in the Quaker City of Philadelphia.

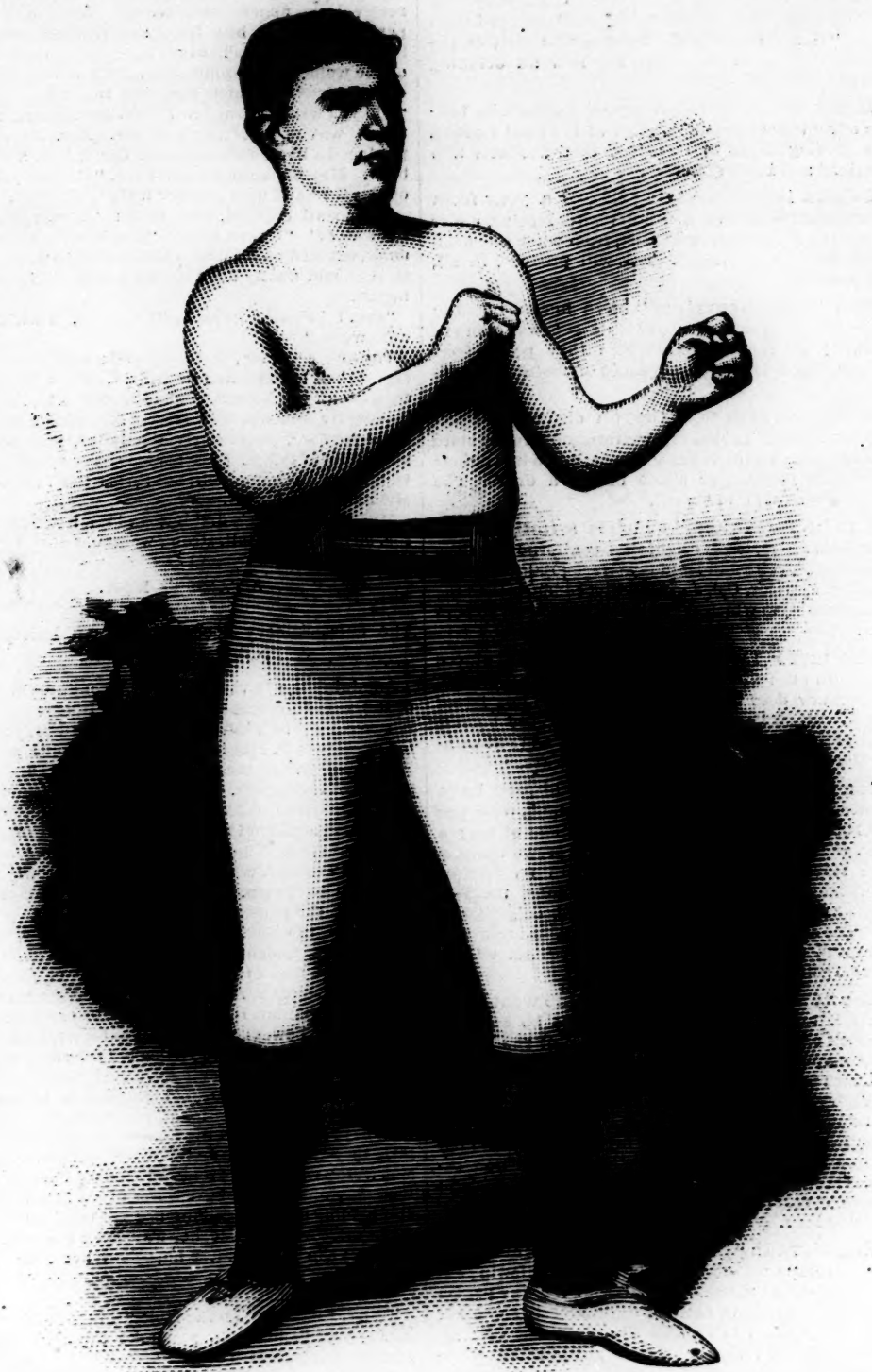
AL. CHAPMAN, a sporting man well known

throughout the country, committed suicide at Hot Springs, Ark., March 25. He was addicted to opium-eating and had become dyspeptic.



A BIG FISH IN THE NET.

THE ENTERPRISING BANK PRESIDENT WHO HELPED TO RUIN GENERAL GRANT TAKES A RETIRED WASH IN LUDLOW STREET JAIL.

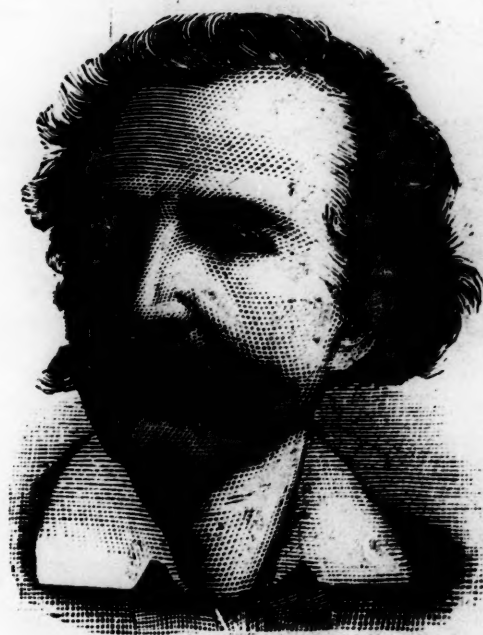


JOHN MARTIN,

THE CLEVER AND NIMBLE YOUNG PUGILIST WHO HAILS FROM THE CLASSIC CITY OF NEWARK, N. J.

BEFORE THE BAR.

The Nevada "Anti-Treating Law"—
No Spies Wanted in Detroit—
Maine's New Fanatical
Act, Etc., Etc.



FRED LUBIN.

This gentleman is one of the bright lights around the metropolis. He's the handsome, active New Yorker who conducts Clarendon Hall, on Thirteenth street, near Third avenue. The many thousands who have from time to time visited the hall know his festive smile, that seems to light up the whole building. Mr. Lubin numbers among his many accomplishments that of being an elegant prestidigitator, in which art he has performed to crowded houses in every city in the country with immense success. By his genial and business-like ways he won a host of friends, and has made Clarendon Hall one of the most pleasant resorts in the big city.

The Sunday raids are fruitless.

High license is for the rich. The poor must all become moonshiners.

An elaborate decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana says brandy is an intoxicating liquor.

Illinois has a blind temperance preacher going through the country howling his crazy notions. Most of the temperance speakers seem to be very blind indeed.

"The lips that touch wine shall never touch mine," is the motto of the Minneapolis girls of the Red Ribbon clubs. The boys are now all drinking whisky and beer.

Some of the wine-makers of California, taking advantage of the uncertainty of the local market, are making efforts to introduce their products into England and India direct.

Omaha is now receiving \$100,000 a year from retail liquor dealers, and will hereafter receive, under a decision of the Supreme Court, from wholesale dealers, \$1,000 for each license. This will produce, in all, \$120,000.

The "bottle-carriers" have again become quite numerous in the State of Maine. These men are walking bar-rooms, from which they peddle out drinks. Such is the consequence of foolish prohibition.

A Dakota man says that on clear days talking can be heard in that dry, still atmosphere for more than a mile. In the vicinity of a bar-room it is almost dangerous to whisper about taking a drink. The neighbors would all turn out.

The "New House," which is a fresh edition of the old house, looks bright and comfortable on the corner of Fayette and Holiday streets, Baltimore. Its clever proprietor, Col. John Reilly, conducts it in the same good style which made his father's place so popular.

The mere fact that there are fewer places licensed in the States which have adopted the high-license law does not prove that there is less liquor drunk. When license gets too high for the poorest dealers they generally have to manage and sell without the sanction of law in many secret ways.

Some fresh statistics of beer abroad have been computed. They show that England, with her 27,000 breweries, produces 900,000,000 gallons of beer a year, and that the Germans, with 25,000 breweries, produce 900,000,000 gallons. Belgium, with its 5,000,000 inhabitants, brews 210,000,000 gallons, against the 230,000,000 gallons of Austria. France brews only 155,000,000. The annual brew of Italy is the smallest that any European country has to show. It does not exceed 5,000,000 gallons.

The new prohibitory law of Maine went into effect last week. Drums will not be allowed to solicit orders for liquors. On this point the law is very emphatic. The next important change is one intended to prevent a dealer from concealing the fact by destroying stock. No fine will be imposed in cases of intoxication. For this offense an imprisonment from five to thirty days for the first time and from ten to ninety days for the second offense. Gen. Dow believes that very little good will result from these and other changes made by the last Legislature in the prohibitory laws.

The Nevada "anti-treating law" seems to be the boss crank act of the country, as the following extract will show: "It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to treat or entertain gratuitously any other person or persons to or with any spirituous or malt liquor or liquors, wine or cider, or any beverage whatever, or to or with any other article whatever, whereby any spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider, or any other beverage, shall be obtained gratuitously in any public bar-room, saloon, beer-hall or grocery in this

State, or in any other public place of resort or amusement in this State."

The Board of Aldermen of Detroit, Mich., have adopted the following resolution in regard to spying around saloons:

WHEREAS, It is matter of public notoriety that officers of the metropolitan police make it a point of entering and spying around saloons in citizens' clothes, and

WHEREAS, Such espionage is contrary to the principles of our free American institutions; therefore,

Resolved, That the Police Commissioners be and they are hereby instructed to give orders to the roundsmen and officers generally to discontinue such an un-American practice, and to order them to wear their uniforms while on duty.

In France the consumption of alcohol is over 1,400,000 liters per annum, and the number of drink shops about 400,000, or one for every 100 inhabitants. But in certain of the western departments the proportion is one to every fifty-four, taking all ages and both sexes, which is equivalent to from fifteen to twenty adult men. In Holland there were 45,000 drink shops in 1881. In Russia a reduction has also taken place from 207,000 to 145,000, while, on the other hand, the duty has been very considerably increased. In Berlin the authorities have been very tolerant, and the drink shops have risen from 3,457 in 1880 to 5,385 in 1870, and 11,200 in 1880, while the drink bill through Prussia is about \$11,000,000 of marks per annum, or \$12,000,000, principally contributed by the lower classes. In Denmark, notwithstanding the closing of many distilleries and drink shops, there is no country where the consumption of alcohol per head is so large, where divorces and suicide are so rampant. Dr. Rebutaux, a Swiss physician, is of opinion that ethylic alcohol, or the alcohol of wine, is comparatively harmless, but that the alylic alcohol from grain or potatoes is absolutely poisonous, and it is this baleful stuff that the Swiss peasants brew for themselves and doctor their children with when sick.

HORSEWHIPPED BY WOMEN.

Aged Mr. Onderdonk, of Nyack, Severely Beaten in the Street.

[Subject of Illustration.]

John U. Onderdonk, a well-known citizen of Nyack, was severely horsewhipped lately by two women, Mrs. David Shakespeare and Mrs. William H. Harris, the wives of two constables of the town. Mr. Onderdonk is an Excise Commissioner, and was the editor and proprietor of the *Independent Advertiser*, a weekly newspaper, until a month ago, when the paper was turned over to the conduct of his son, Millard Onderdonk, and Sidney E. Fordham. The *Advertiser* was extremely personal, and in the course of his warfare against the village saloon-keepers Mr. Onderdonk made himself many enemies.

On April 10 the *Advertiser* published a letter signed "Lynx." It quoted an advertisement in which Constable David Shakespeare, of Nyack, offered to do special detective work. The letter abused Shakespeare in round terms, and reflected upon his marriage relations. It contained also some unpleasant statements regarding Constable Harris.

Next morning Mr. Onderdonk went to inspect his reservoir in upper Main street. About a hundred persons followed him from the village, Harris and Shakespeare and their wives being in the crowd. One of the women approached him, and pointing to a copy of the *Advertiser* which she held in her hand, asked: "Did you write that article?" Mr. Onderdonk replied that it was none of her business. Mrs. Harris then produced a horsewhip and gave Onderdonk a stinging blow. Mrs. Shakespeare cried out, "How do you like our style?" and used another whip with effect.

The crowd cheered, and cried: "Throw him into the water!" "Drown him!" "Kill him!" Mr. Onderdonk, covered with blood, vainly tried to ward off the strokes, and finally fell upon his knees and begged for mercy.

"Don't kill me," he said: "I wrote it. I will retract next week."

The angry women, their husbands, and the hooting crowd then left him and returned to the village. Mr. Onderdonk was prostrated, but is recovering. He has repeatedly attacked both Harris and Shakespeare in the *Advertiser*, particularly the latter, who was last year Chief of Police. Fifty persons have openly vowed vengeance on Onderdonk, but this is the first violent attempt at retaliation.

Mrs. Shakespeare's first husband is a letter-carrier in this city. She is a tall, strong woman.

A PARSON'S RINK.

The Extraordinary Speculation of an Enterprising Presbyterian Dominie.

Adjoining the Seventh Presbyterian Church, corner of Ridge and Broome streets, on the Ridge street side, is a six-story flat, known as "The Hatfield," named for Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, a former devoted and successful pastor. Its management is directly under the control of the church. It is a commodious and well-appointed lodging-house. The only conditions for tenants, in addition to a nominal charge, are sobriety and cleanliness. The enterprise originated with the Board of Trustees, of which Dr. D. Simmons was President, and was prosecuted under the pastorate of Rev. P. R. Day, the present minister in charge. Associated with him is the Rev. Dr. Edward D. Kelsey, who also has the management of the Hatfield lodging-house.

On the top floor of the house there is at present a large roller-skating rink, which, Dr. Kelsey says, was opened by him for the benefit of the neighborhood. He admits, however, that he charges fifteen cents admission, but the skates are loaned to be used only on the premises. Dr. Kelsey's son, a lad of fourteen, takes in the cash and has control of the place in his father's absence. On Saturday night the rink was crowded with boys and girls and the fun, was at its height, when little rosy-cheeked Margaret Welsh, sixteen years of age, living with her parents at No. 345 Cherry street, took down her hat and cloak from a nail on the wall, and bidding "good-night" to her companions started for home. As she made her way down the stairs, Dr. Kelsey's son started after her, seized her roughly by the arm and said:

"Where's them skates?"

"Why, I left them on the table," said little Margaret, in surprise: "and I saw you take them up and put them on the pile with others."

"Don't you lie to me," said Kelsey, and he made an attempt to get at her dress-pocket, but it couldn't be found, and he said, angrily: "You've hidden them, and I'll have you arrested."

Calling Policeman McCauley, the now weeping girl was placed in his custody, and despite her protestations of innocence and the meagerness of the evidence she was locked up for the night in a cell at the Delancey street station. The next morning she was taken before Justice Gorman at Essex Market. Her eyes were red from weeping, and her appearance indicated that she had spent a night of agony in the cell.

"This is the first time I was ever arrested," she sobbed, addressing the magistrate, "and my mother won't know what has become of me. I'm innocent of this charge; I was not brought up to steal. My parents are well off, and what I ask for they give me. I went into this place at 8 o'clock and skated until 10, when I started for home and was arrested. Another night in a cell will kill me."

The frank way in which she said this impressed Justice Gorman with her innocence. "I have always understood the prayer to be, 'lead us not into temptation,'" remarked the Justice. "This institution seems to throw temptation in the way. Instead of protecting the morals of young children, it destroys them. Do you think, sir (this to Dr. Kelsey), that I am going to blast this young girl's reputation by locking her up for trial?" and the Justice stopped and awaited a reply. None was vouchsafed, and the magistrate continued: "This is the complaint, but what I will do with it is this," and the Justice tore the paper into fragments. "You are honorably discharged, Margaret, but let this be a warning to you; keep away from skating rinks unless you are accompanied by an older person. It's a shame to have locked you up all night," said the Justice, as the pastor was passing out with his son.

The doctor walked out without turning to look around, and an officer started to run after him, when the Justice said, contemptuously: "Never mind, let him go."

A BAD MONKEY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Thomas Barco, an Italian organ-grinder of 85 Mulberry street, and his fantastically-dressed monkey, Jocko, were taken to the Tombs Court the other morning. Half an hour earlier Barco was playing his organ in Mott street, when little Jenny McCabe leaned out of a window with a dime in her hand. Jocko saw the dime, and thinking it was for him, snatched it away, and put it in the pocket of his jacket. Jenny began to cry, and made a clutch for Jocko's pocket, but she didn't get the dime. Her hand was scratched, and a policeman took Jocko and his master to the Tombs Court.

Jocko was very humble, indeed, upon being taken before Justice Patterson. He put his paw upon his chest, and with downcast eyes, sat upon the Justice's big desk. Mrs. McCabe said she wanted the monkey killed. She was afraid her girl would die of hydrophobia. The organ-grinder and the monkey both protested excitedly.

"Take the monkey off, Eye-talian," said the Court, giving the dime back to Jenny. "Mrs. McCabe, your girl won't suffer from hydrophobia."

JOHN MARTIN.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Johnny Martin, the well-known light-weight pugilist of Newark, N. J. He has won numerous contests in the arena, and is ready to meet any pugilist his weight. Martin is a pupil of Charley Norton, the retired light-weight champion, and Pete Martin, whom Duane Harris defeated years ago, was his uncle.

HER PLEASANT DREAM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On our last page this week we illustrate the panorama of past joys which goes through the mind of the jaded belle on the last night of the winter season.

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO, April 6, 1895.

Mr. Richard K. Fox: We inserted a two-line advertisement in your paper, and received over 500 orders from the same. Your medium cannot be surpassed. Respectfully yours, HOME SUPPLY AGENCY.

CARDS.

GIVEN AWAY! A ROLLER-SKATE

Instead of cards, most comic hit of the day, and our 48-page illustrated Book, to introduce other goods. All sent on receipt of three 2-cent stamps. WORKS BROS., 728 Sixth St., New York.

YOUNG MAN If you want a pack of parent Playing Cards that are "to utterly utter," send \$1 bill to Geo. T. Wilson, Box 322, Philadelphia, Pa. Order now and secure one superb Photo and a Pocket-Book Free.

Playing-Cards shaded so that no one can read them except the owner; sample pack by mail, with full instructions for learning them, 40 cts.; 3 packs, \$1. Address, F. WARD, Elmwood, Mass.

Poker! If you want to win at Cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address H. O. Brown & Co., Salem, N. H.

Genuine fancy transparent playing cards, French; by mail, 60c.; 2 pks. \$1. C. A. CARTER, Bridgewater, Mass.

DRY GOODS.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR!

On application, we will send (free) our Illustrated Catalogue to convince ladies that we sell handsomer styles of underwear at lower prices than any house in the trade. MABLES BROS., 505 9th Ave., N. Y.

N. B.—Lace Trimmed Underwear our specialty.

JEWELERS.

D. Keller, 34 John Street, N. Y. Manufacturer of Medals. Special designs will be furnished on application. A large assortment of American Watches in gold and silver cases. Also a full line of Diamonds at the lowest cash prices.

WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

Job Lots in 100's at \$12, in 50's at \$13 per 1,000, cash, with order or C. O. D. Inclose stamp for price-list. No drummers. R. W. TANSILL & Co., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED.

\$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Terms and full outfit FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

TO ADVERTISERS.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled. Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value. Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence. Estimates submitted upon application. A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.
Reading Notices..... 2.00
Copy for advertisements must be in by Wednesday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/4 inches each, and 2 1/4 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. RIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contract.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers. Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention. Address all communications

RICHARD K. FOX,
New York

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Magic Revealer. Do you wish to see the mysteries of art or nature? Magnifies 1,000 times through a direct importation from Paris! Sample, 25c.; 3, 50c.; 7, \$1.00; 1 dozen, \$1.50; 1 gross, \$10.00, assorted. Money for agents.

Choice Sample Cabinets! Male, 15c.; female, 15c.; scenes, 15c.; colored, 25c.; set, 50c.; 3 sets, \$1.00; 1 dozen sets, \$2.50; 100, \$5.00; handsomely assorted.

Imported French C. N. 25c.; 3, 50c.; 7, \$1.00; 1 dozen, \$1.50; 1 gross, \$10.00. Send stamped address and envelope. Genuine French Transparent Playing Cards, pack, 75c.; 3, \$2.00; 5, \$3.00; 1 dozen, \$5.00; 4 box samples, 10c.

SPICY! Six beautifully illustrated fancy chrysomides, entitled "What Did She Mean?" "Key Hole in the Door?" "Familiar Scene at 12 P. M." "State to Young Ladies Learning the Machine." and two (2) others equally rich. Sent by mail on receipt of 25c. PURCHASING AGENT, Box 178, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE O' MY!

Any gentleman wishing to see or learn the mysteries of nature, and to see the "O' MY!" through the "O' MY!" by mail, send Five for One Dollar. **THE O' MY!** Box 302, Jersey City, N. J.

COUNTERFEIT MONEY I have not, but have made \$500 a week with my "Giant & Goliath" and 25 printed sheets (fine paper) and instructions; price, 50c. Send postal note or Stamp. Address, H. G. FAY, Rutland, Vermont.

SAMPLE pack Genuine Transparent Cards, 15 superb Photos and 6 highly colored Lithographs of Pretty Women in interesting positions, all for 35c. Address Geo. T. Wilson, Box 322, Philadelphia, Pa. **SPECIAL!**—14 Spicy Illustrations of Married Life sent with the first 250 orders.

FRENCH GOODS.

Books, Views, Photographs, Cards, etc., etc., sealed Catalogue for stamped directed envelope. New York Notion Co., 58 Liberty St., 3d floor, New York.

Express, Ladies only. The Modern Josephine's substitute. To Ladies only. Circular 10c. and envelope self-addressed, thus: Mrs. or Miss, full feminine names, street number, city, county, State, and inclosed to Mrs. Egan West, O. S., XVII, Boston, Mass.

\$25 will start any person in a new business, and which will pay from \$10 to \$50 every evening. No peddling. Cut this out and write at once. World's Mfg. Co., 122 Nassau St., New York.

Patent Binders, Containing Four of the latest issues, for filing the Police Gazette. Can be purchased at the Police Gazette Building, 100 Franklin Square, New York. Price, \$1.00 per set.

I'll Tell How to Make \$10 To-Day and (A-CURIOUS!) Now \$5 Bill and 10 Starting Cards, 2c. 15c. Address, W. LOWEY, 55 Nassau St., N. Y.

Hello, There! Don't you want something Fancy, Rich and Rare? Send 20c. for 30 samples. **STAN MFG. CO., MANHATTAN, PA.**

Seek and find! To agents only, 20 scenes, 10c. (silver). Box 381, South Framingham, Mass.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Notice to Sporting Men.—Life Size Pictures of Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 208 Bowery, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the Police Gazette photographer.

A Portrait of John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, and Paddy Ryan, ex-champion of America, sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 10 one-cent stamps. **RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, New York City.**

The Broome-Hannan Prize Fight, a splendid, large engraving, magnificently colored, will be sent with the Key, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of 50c. **RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40 New York City.**

Good Change! A lot of Cleveland and Hendricks' pictures for sale very cheap. Address P. O. Box 40, New York City.

Tom Sawyer's Battles, colored, sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 75c. **RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, New York City.**

20 Spicy Photos from Nature, new, 10c. (silver), secured. **ALICE CARD CO., Foxboro, Mass.**

12 Photographs of Female Beauties, in Cabinet Cards, 25c.; 5 sets, \$1.00. **McGILL, 304 Henry Street, N. Y.**

53 R. H. Photos inside of playing cards, \$1; samples, 10c. **Box Tom Sawyer's Battles, Foxboro, Mass.**

FRENCH nice case R. H. Photos inside of Playing Cards, in nice case, \$1. **MARTIN P. CO., 54 Pine, N. Y.**

RICH Photos. For Gents Only. Sure to suit; 17 for 10c. Illus. Cat. 2c. **G. AGRESTY, Box 11, Orleans, Ind.**

Rich! 30 Cartes D'Amour, racy reading, 10c. Marriage Book (illus.), 25c. **EXCELSIOR CO., Foxboro, Mass.**

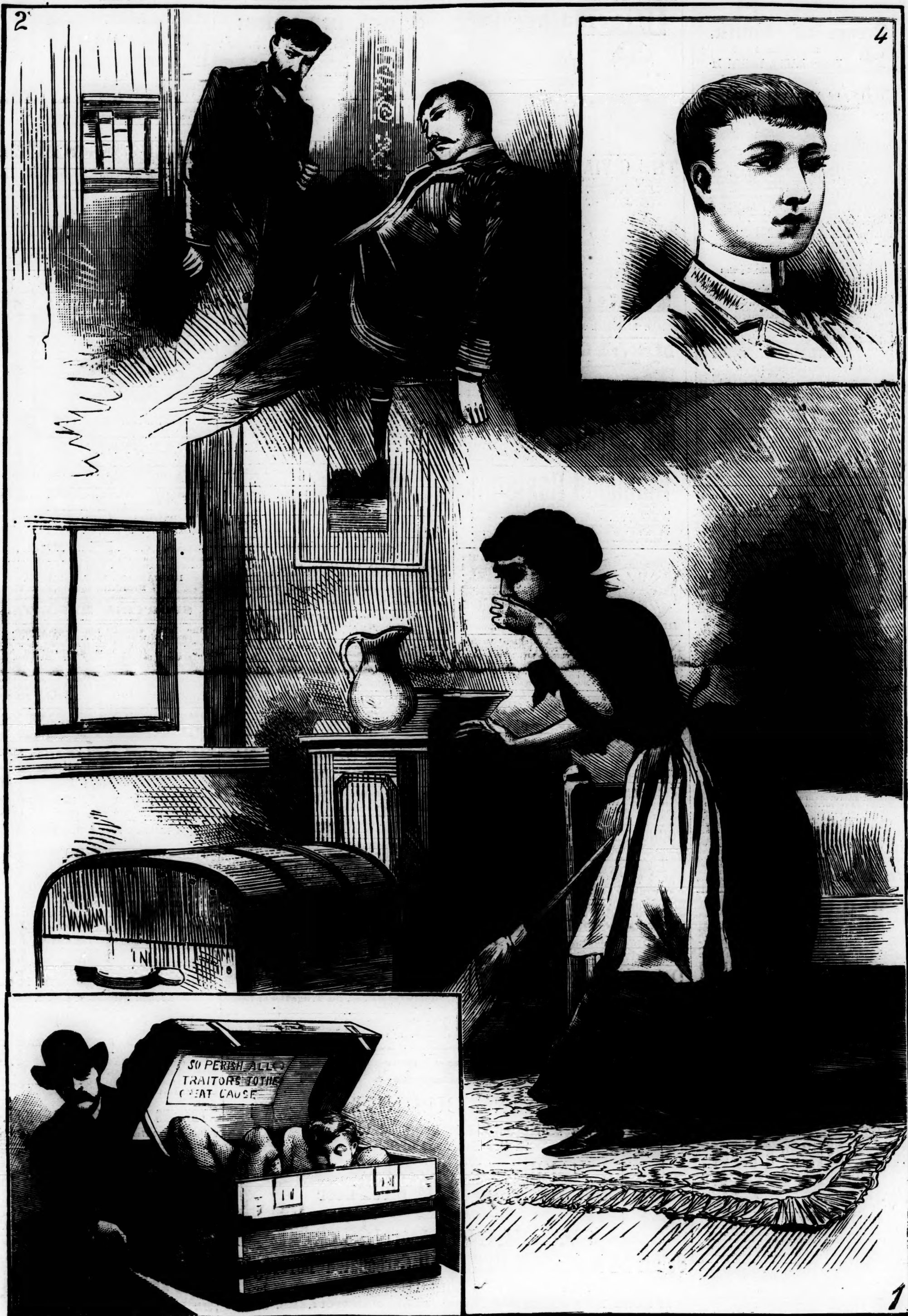
16 Pictures of Dashing and Beautiful Actresses, 10c. **POPULAR P. CO., 149 Congress Street, Boston.**

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THE HORRIBLE AND MYSTERIOUS DISCOVERY OF A DECOMPOSING CORPSE AMONG THE UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE OF A ST. LOUIS HOTEL.
 I.—THE CHAMBERMAID ON THE SCENT. II.—AFTER THE OPERATION WAS OVER. III.—THE SHOW IN THE MORGUE. IV.—DR. MAXWELL.